THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

Non enim excurſus hic ejus ſed opus iſtum eſt.

Plin. Lib. v. Ep. 6.

Si quid urbaniuſculè luſum a nobis, per Muſas et Charitas et omnium poetarum Numina, Oro te, ne me malè capias.

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THE LIFE

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

CHAPTER I.

—AND ſo, to make ſure of both ſyſtems, Mrs. Wadman pre-determined to light my uncle Toby neither at this end or that; but, like a prodigal's candle, to light him, if poſſible, at both ends at once.

Now, through all the lumber rooms of military furniture, including both of horſe and foot, from the great arſenal of Venice to the Tower of London, (excluſive,) if Mrs. Wadman had been rummaging for ſeven years together, and with Bridget to help her, ſhe could not have found any one *blind* or *mantelet* ſo fit for her purpoſe, as that which the expediency of my uncle Toby's affairs had fix'd up ready to her hands.

I believe I have not told you——but I don't know—poſſibly I have—be it as it will, 'tis one of the number of thoſe many things which a man had better do over again than diſpute about it—That whatever town or fortreſs the corporal was at work upon, during the courſe of their campaign, my uncle Toby always took care on the inſide of his ſentry-box, which was towards his left-hand, to have a plan of the place faſten'd up with two or three pins at the top, but looſe at the bottom, for the conveniency of holding it up to the eye, &c. . . . as occaſions required; ſo that when an attack was reſolved upon, Mrs. Wadman had nothing more to do, when ſhe had got advanced to the door of the ſentry-box, but to extend her right hand, and edging in her left foot at the ſame movement, to take hold of the map or plan, or upright, or whatever it was, and with out-ſtretched neck

meeting it half way, to advance it towards her; on which my uncle Toby's paſſions were ſure to catch fire —for he would inſtantly take hold of the other corner of the map in his left hand, and with the end of his pipe, in the other, begin an explanation.

When the attack was advanced to this point;——the world will naturally enter into the reaſons of Mrs. Wadman's next ſtroke of generalſhip—which was, to take my uncle Toby's tobacco pipe out of his hand as ſoon as ſhe poſſibly could; which, under one pretence or other, but generally that of pointing more diſtinctly at ſome redoubt or breaſtwork in the map, ſhe would effect before my uncle Toby (poor ſoul!) had well marched above half a dozen toiſes with it.

——It obliged my uncle Toby to make uſe of his forefinger.

The difference it made in the attack was this; That in going upon it, as in the firſt caſe, with the end of her forefinger againſt the end of my uncle Toby's tobacco pipe, ſhe might have travelled with it, along the lines, from Dan to Beerſheba, had my uncle Toby's lines reached ſo far, without any effect: for as there was no arterial or vital heat in the end of the tobacco-pipe, it could excite no ſentiment——it could neither give fire by pulſation——or receive it by ſympathy—'twas nothing but ſmoke

Whereas, in following my uncle Toby's forefinger with her's, cloſe thro' all the little turns and indentings of his works——preſſing ſometimes againſt the ſide of it——then treading upon its nail—then tripping it up ——then touching it here——then there, and ſo on—— it ſet ſomething at leaſt in motion.

This, tho' ſlight ſkirmiſhing, and at a diſtance from the main body, yet drew on the reſt; for here, the map uſually falling with the back of it cloſe to the ſide of the ſentry-box, my uncle Toby, in the ſimplicity of his ſoul, would lay his hand flat upon it, in order to go on with his explanation; and Mrs. Wadman, by a manœuvre as quick as thought, would as certainly place

her's

her's cloſe beſide it: this at once opened a communication large enough for any ſentiment to paſs or repaſs, which a perſon ſkill'd in the elementary and practical part of love-making has occaſion for——

By bringing up her forefinger parallel (as before) to my uncle Toby's——it unavoidably brought the thumb into action—and the forefinger and thumb being once engaged, as naturally brought in the whole hand. Thine, dear uncle Toby! was never now in it's right place—Mrs. Wadman had it ever to take up, or, with the gentleſt puſhings, protruſions, and equivocal compreſſions, that a hand to be removed is capable of receiving——to get it preſs'd a hair-breadth of one ſide out of her way.

Whilſt this was doing, how could ſhe forget to make him ſenſible, that it was her leg (and no one's elſe) at the bottom of the ſentry-box, which ſlightly preſs'd againſt the calf of his——So that my uncle Toby being thus attacked and ſore puſhed on both his wings—was it a wonder, if, now and then, it put his center into diſorder?——

——The deuce take it! ſaid my uncle Toby.

CHAP. II.

THESE attacks of Mrs. Wadman you will readily conceive to be of different kinds; varying from each other, like the attacks which hiſtory is full of, and from the ſame reaſons. A general looker-on would ſcarce allow them to be attacks at all—or if he did, would confound them all together. But I write not to them: it will be time enough to be a little more exact in my deſcriptions of them, as I come up to them, which will not be for ſome chapters; having nothing more to add in this, but that, in a bundle of original papers and drawings which my father took care to roll up by themſelves, there is a plan of Bouchain in perfect preſervation (and ſhall be kept ſo, whilſt I have power to preſerve any thing) upon the lower corner of which, on the right hand ſide, there is ſtill remaining the marks of a ſnuffy finger and thumb, which there is all the reaſon in the world to imagine, were Mrs. Wadman's; for the oppoſite ſide of the margin, which I ſuppoſe to have been my uncle Toby's, is abſolutely clean. This ſeems an authenticated record of one of theſe attacks; for there are veſtigia of the two punctures partly grown up, but ſtill viſible on the oppoſite corner of the map, which are unqueſtionably the very holes through which it has been pricked up in the ſentry-box——

By all that is prieſtly! I value this precious relick, with its *ſtigmata* and *pricks*, more than all the relicks of the Romiſh church—always excepting, when I am writing upon theſe matters, the pricks which entered the fleſh of St. Radagunda in the deſert, which, in your road from *Feſſe* to *Cluny*, the nuns of that name will ſhew you for love.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

I Think, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth Trim, the fortifications are quite deſtroyed—and the baſon is upon a level with the mole—I think ſo too, replied my uncle Toby with a ſigh half ſuppreſs'd—but ſtep into the parlour, Trim, for the ſtipulation—it lies upon the table.

It has lain there theſe ſix weeks, replied the corporal, till this very morning that the old woman kindled the fire with it——

——Then, ſaid my uncle Toby, there is no farther occaſion for our ſervices. The more, an' pleaſe your honour, the pity, ſaid the corporal, in uttering which he caſt his ſpade into the wheelbarrow, which was beſide him, with an air the moſt expreſſive of diſconſolation that can be imagined, and was heavily turning about to look for his pick-ax, his pioneer's ſhovel, his picquets, and other military ſtores, in order to crrry them off the field—when a heigh ho! from the ſentry-box, which, being made of thin ſlit deal, reverberated the ſound more ſorrowfully to his ear, forbad him.

——No, ſaid the corporal to himſelf, I'll do it before his honour riſes to-morrow morning: ſo taking his ſpade out of the wheelbarrow again, with a little earth in it, as if to level ſomething at the foot of the glacis——but with a real intent to approach nearer to his maſter, in order to divert him—he looſen'd a ſod or two—pared their edges with his ſpade, and having given them a gentle blow or two with the back of it, he ſat himſelf down cloſe by my uncle Toby's feet, and began as follows.

CHAP. IV.

IT was a thouſand pities—though I believe, an' pleaſe your honour, I am going to ſay but a fooliſh kind of a thing for a ſoldier——

A ſoldier, cried my uncle Toby, interrupting the corporal, is no more exempt from ſaying a fooliſh thing, Trim, than a man of letters——But not ſo often, and pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal——My uncle Toby gave a nod.

It was a thouſand pities then, ſaid the corporal, caſting his eye upon Dunkirk, and the mole, as Servius Sulpicius, in returning out of Aſia (when he ſailed from Ægina towards Megara) did upon Corinth and Pyreus—

—" It was a thouſand pities, an' pleaſe your honour, to deſtroy theſe works——and a thouſand pities to have let them ſtood."——

—Thou art right, Trim, in both caſes, ſaid my uncle Toby—This, continued the corporal, is the reaſon that, from the beginning of their demolition to the end —I have never once whiſtled, or ſung, or laugh'd, or cry'd, or talk'd of paſs'd-done deeds, or told your honour one ſtory good or bad——

——Thou haſt many excellencies, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and I hold it not the leaſt of them, as thou happeneſt to be a ſtory-teller, that of the number thou haſt told me, either to amuſe me in my painful hours, or divert me in my grave ones——thou haſt ſeldom told me a bad one——

——Becauſe, an' pleaſe your honour, except one of a *King of Bohemia and his ſeven Caſtles*,——they are all true; for they are about myſelf.

I do not like the ſubject the worſe, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, on that ſcore: But prithee what is this ſtory? thou haſt excited my curioſity.

I'll tell it your honour, quoth the corporal, directly—Provided, said my uncle Toby, looking earnestly towards Dunkirk and the mole again—provided it is not a merry one; to such, Trim, a man should ever bring one half of the entertainment along with him; and the disposition I am in at present would wrong both thee, Trim, and thy story——It is not a merry one by any means, replied the corporal—Nor would I have it altogether a grave one, added my uncle Toby——It is neither the one or the other, replied the corporal, but will suit your honour exactly——Then I'll thank thee for it with all my heart, cried my uncle Toby; so prithee begin it, Trim.

The corporal made his reverence; and though it is not so easy a matter as the world imagines, to pull off a lank *Montero*-cap with grace——or a whit less difficult, in my conceptions, when a man is sitting squat upon the ground, to make a bow so teeming with respect as the corporal was wont, yet, by suffering the palm of his right hand, which was towards his master, to slip backward upon the grass, a little beyond his body, in order to allow it the greater sweep——and by an unforced compression, at the same time, of his cap with the thumb and the two forefingers of his left, by which the diameter of the cap became reduced, so that it might be said, rather to be insensibly squeezed——than pulled off with a flatus——the corporal acquitted himself of both in a better manner than the posture of his affairs promised; and having hemmed twice, to find in what key his story would best go, and best suit his master's humour——he exchanged a single look of kindness with him, and set off thus.

The

The Story of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles.

THERE was a certain king of Bo--he--

As the corporal was entering the confines of Bohemia, my uncle Toby obliged him to halt for a single moment: he had set out bareheaded, having, since he pull'd off his *Montero*-cap in the latter end of the last chapter, left it lying beside him on the ground.

——The eye of goodness espieth all things—so that before the corporal had well got through the first five words of his story, had my uncle Toby twice touch'd his *Montero*-cap with the end of his cane, interrogatively —as much as to say, Why don't you put it on, Trim? Trim took it up with the most respectful slowness, and casting a glance of humiliation, as he did it, upon the embroidery of the fore-part, which being dismally tarnish'd and fray'd moreover in some of the principal leaves and boldest parts of the pattern, he laid it down again betwixt his two feet, in order to moralize upon the subject.

——'Tis every word of it but too true, cried my uncle Toby, that thou art about to observe——

" *Nothing in this world*, Trim, *is made to last for ever.*"

——But when tokens, dear Tom, of thy love and remembrance wear out, said Trim, what shall we say?

There is no occasion, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, to say any thing else; and was a man to puzzle his brains till Doom's-day, I believe, Trim, it would be impossible.

The corporal perceiving my uncle Toby was in the right, and that it would be in vain for the wit of man to think of extracting a purer moral from his cap, without farther attempting it, he put it on; and passing his hand across his forehead, to rub out a pensive wrinkle, which

which the text and the doctrine between them had engender'd, he return'd, with the ſame look and tone of voice, to his ſtory of the king of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles.

The Story of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Caſtles continued.

THERE was a certain king of Bohemia, but in whoſe reign, except his own, I am not able to inform your honour——

I do not deſire it of thee, Trim, by any means, cried my uncle Toby.

——It was a little before the time, an' pleaſe your honour, when giants were beginning to leave off breeding;—but in what year of our Lord that was—

——I would not give a halfpenny to know, ſaid my uncle Toby.

——Only, an' pleaſe your honour, it makes a ſtory look the better in the face——

——'Tis thy own, Trim, ſo ornament it after thy own faſhion; and take any date, continued my uncle Toby, looking pleaſantly upon him——take any date in the whole world thou chooſeſt, and put it to—thou art heartily welcome——

The corporal bowed; for of every century, and of every year of that century, from the firſt creation of the world down to Noah's flood; and from Noah's flood to the birth of Abraham; through all the pilgrimages of the patriarchs, to the departure of the Iſraelites out of Egypt——and throughout all the Dynaſties, Olympiads, Urbeconditas, and other memorable epochas of the different nations of the world, down to the coming of Chriſt, and from thence to the very moment in which the corporal was telling his ſtory—had my uncle Toby ſubjected this vaſt empire of time and all its abyſſes at his feet: but as Modeſty ſcarce touches with a finger

what Liberality offers her with both hands open——the corporal contented himſelf with the very *worſt year* of the whole bunch; which, to prevent your honours of the majority and minority from tearing the very fleſh off your bones in conteſtation, 'Whether that year is not always the laſt caſt-year of the laſt caſt-almanack'——I tell you plainly it was; but from a different reaſon than you wot of——

——It was the year next him—which being the year of our Lord ſeventeen hundred and twelve, when the Duke of Ormond was playing the devil in Flanders——the corporal took it, and ſet out with it afreſh on his expedition to Bohemia.

The Story of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Caſtles continued.

IN the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and twelve, there was, an' pleaſe your honour——

——To tell thee truly, quoth my uncle Toby, any other date would have pleaſed me much better; not only on account of the ſad ſtain upon our hiſtory that year, in marching off our troops, and refuſing to cover the ſiege of Queſnoi, though Fagel was carrying on the works with ſuch incredible vigour——but likewiſe on the ſcore, Trim, of thy own ſtory; becauſe, if there are ——and which, from what thou haſt dropt, I partly ſuſpect to be the fact——if there are giants in it——

There is but one, an' pleaſe your honour——

——'Tis as bad as twenty, replied my uncle Toby ——Thou ſhould'ſt have carried him back ſome ſeven or eight hundred years out of harm's way, both of critics and other people; and therefore I would adviſe thee, if ever thou telleſt it again.—

——If I live, an' pleaſe your honour, but once to get through it, I will never tell it again, quoth Trim, either to man, woman, or child——Poo—poo! ſaid my uncle Toby—

Toby—but with accents of ſuch ſweet encouragement did he utter it, that the corporal went on with his ſtory with more alacrity than ever.

The Story of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Caſtles continued.

THERE was, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, raiſing his voice, and rubbing the palms of his two hands cheerily together, as he began, a certain king of Bohemia——

——Leave out the date entirely, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaning forwards, and laying his hand gently upon the corporal's ſhoulder to temper the interruption ——leave it out entirely, Trim: a ſtory paſſes very well without theſe niceties, unleſs one is pretty ſure of 'em ——Sure of 'em! ſaid the corporal, ſhaking his head—

Right, anſwered my uncle Toby: it is not eaſy, Trim, for one bred up, as thou and I have been, to arms, who ſeldom looks farther forward than to the end of his muſket, or backwards beyond his knapſack, to know much about this matter——God bleſs your honour! ſaid the corporal, won by the *manner* of my uncle Toby's reaſoning, as much as by the reaſoning itſelf, he has ſomething elſe to do: if not on action, or a march, or upon duty in his garriſon——he has his firelock, an' pleaſe your honour, to furbiſh—his accoutrements to take care of——his regimentals to mend——himſelf to ſhave and keep clean, ſo as to appear always like what he is upon the parade. What buſineſs, added the corporal triumphantly, has a ſoldier, an' pleaſe your honour, to know any thing at all of *Geography?*

——Thou would'ſt have ſaid *Chronology*, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby; for as for geography, 'tis of abſolute uſe to him: he muſt be acquainted intimately with every country and its boundaries where his profeſſion carries him: He ſhould know every town and city, and village

and hamlet, with the canals, the roads, and hollow ways which lead up to them: there is not a river or a rivulet he paſſes, Trim, but he ſhould be able at firſt ſight to tell thee what is its name—in what mountains it takes its riſe—what is its courſe—how far it is navigable—where fordable—where not: he ſhould know the fertility of every valley as well as the hind who ploughs it; and be able to deſcribe, or, if it is required, to give thee an exact map of all the plains and defiles, the forts, the acclivities, the woods and moraſſes, through and by which his army is to march; he ſhould know their produce, their plants, their minerals, their waters, their animals, their ſeaſons, their climates, their heats and cold, their inhabitants, their cuſtoms, their language, their policy, and even their religion.

Is it elſe to be conceived, corporal, continued my uncle Toby, riſing up in his ſentry-box, as he began to warm in this part of his diſcourſe—how Marlborough could have marched his army from the banks of the *Maes* to *Belburg*; from *Belburg* to *Kerpenord*—(here the corporal could ſit no longer)—from *Kerpenord*, Trim, to *Kalſaken*; from *Kalſaken* to *Newdorf*; from *Newdorf* to *Landenbourg*; from *Landenbourg* to *Mildenheim*; from *Mildenheim* to *Elchingen*; from *Elchingen* to *Gingen*; from *Gingen* to *Balmerehoffen*; from *Balmerehoffen* to *Skellenburg*, where he broke in upon the enemy's works; forced his paſſage over the *Danube*; croſs'd the *Lech*—puſhed on his troops into the heart of the empire, marching at the head of them through *Friburg*, *Hokenwert*, and *Schonevelt*, to the plains of *Blenheim* and *Hochſtet*? —Great as he was, corporal, he could not have advanced a ſtep, or made one ſingle day's march, without the aids of *Geography*——As for *Chronology*, I own, Trim, continued my uncle Toby, ſitting down again coolly in his ſentry-box, that of all others, it ſeems a ſcience which a ſoldier might beſt ſpare, was it not for the lights which that ſcience muſt one day give him, in determining the invention of powder; the furious execution of which, renverſing every thing like thunder before it, has become a new æra to us of military improvements, changing ſo

totally the nature of attacks and defences both by ſea and land, and awakening ſo much art and ſkill in doing it, that the world cannot be too exact in aſcertaining the preciſe time of its diſcovery, or too inquiſitive in knowing what great man was the diſcoverer, and what occaſions gave birth to it.

I am far from controverting, continued my uncle Toby, what hiſtorians agree in, that in the year of our Lord 1380, under the reign of Wincelaus, ſon of Charles the Fourth—a certain prieſt, whoſe name was Schwartz, ſhew'd the uſe of powder to the *Venetians*, in their wars againſt the Genoeſe; but 'tis certain he was not the firſt; becauſe if we are to believe *Don Pedro*, the biſhop of Leon —How came prieſts and biſhops, an' pleaſe your honour, to trouble their heads ſo much about gunpowder? God knows, ſaid my uncle Toby——his providence brings good out of every thing—and he avers, in his chronicle of King Alphonſus, who reduced Toledo, That in the year 1343, which was full thirty-ſeven years before that time, the ſecret of powder was well known, and employed with ſucceſs, both by Moors and Chriſtians, not only in their ſea combats, at that period, but in many of their moſt memorable ſieges in Spain and Barbary——And all the world knows, that Friar Bacon had wrote expreſsly about it, and had generouſly given the world a receipt to make it by, above a hundred and fifty years before even Schwartz was born—And that the Chineſe, added my uncle Toby, embarraſs us, and all accounts of it ſtill more, by boaſting of the invention ſome hundreds of years even before him——

—They are a pack of liars, I believe, cried Trim—

—They are ſome how or other deceived, ſaid my uncle Toby, in this matter, as is plain to me from the preſent miſerable ſtate of military architecture amongſt them; which conſiſts of nothing more than a *foſsé* with a brick wall without flanks——and for what they give us as a baſtion at each angle of it, 'tis ſo barbarouſly conſtructed, that it looks for all the world—Like one of my ſeven caſtles, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth Trim.

My uncle Toby, tho' in the utmoſt diſtreſs for a compariſon, moſt courteouſly refuſed Trim's offer—till Trim telling him, he had half a dozen more in Bohemia, which he knew not how to get off his hands—my uncle Toby was ſo touch'd with the pleaſantry of heart of the corporal——that he diſcontinued his diſſertation upon gunpowder——and begged the corporal forthwith to go on with his ſtory of the king of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles.

The Story of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Caſtles continued.

THIS *unfortunate* king of Bohemia, ſaid Trim—Was he unfortunate then? cried my uncle Toby; for he had been ſo wrapt up in his diſſertation upon gunpowder, and other military affairs, that tho' he had deſired the corporal to go on, yet the many interruptions he had given, dwelt not ſo ſtrong upon his fancy, as to account for the epithet—Was he *unfortunate* then, Trim? ſaid my uncle Toby, pathetically—The corporal, wiſhing firſt the word and all its ſynonimas at the devil, forthwith began to run back in his mind the principal events in the King of Bohemia's ſtory; from every one of which, it appearing that he was the moſt fortunate man that ever exiſted in the world—it put the corporal to a ſtand; for not caring to retract his epithet—and leſs, to explain it—and leaſt of all, to twiſt his tale (like men of lore) to ſerve a ſyſtem——he looked up in my uncle Toby's face for aſſiſtance—but ſeeing it was the very thing my uncle Toby ſat in expectation of himſelf—after a hum and a haw he went on—

The King of Bohemia, an' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal, was *unfortunate*, as thus——That taking great pleaſure and delight in navigation, and all ſort of ſea affairs——and there happening throughout the whole kingdom of Bohemia, to be no ſea-port town whatever—

How

How the deuce ſhould there——Trim? cried my uncle Toby; for Bohemia being totally inland, it could have happen'd no otherwiſe—It might, ſaid Trim, if it had pleaſed God——

My uncle Toby never ſpoke of the being and natural attributes of God, but with diffidence and heſitation——I believe not, replied my uncle Toby, after ſome pauſe—for being inland, as I ſaid, and having Sileſia and Moravia to the eaſt; Luſatia and Upper Saxony to the north; Franconia to the weſt; and Bavaria to the ſouth; Bohemia could not have been propell'd to the ſea, without ceaſing to be Bohemia——nor could the ſea, on the other hand, have come up to Bohemia, without overflowing a great part of Germany, and deſtroying millions of unfortunate inhabitants who could make no defence againſt it, (Scandalous! cried Trim,) which would beſpeak, added my uncle Toby, mildly, ſuch a want of compaſſion in him who is the father of it—that, I think, Trim—the thing could have happen'd no way.

The corporal made the bow of unfeigned conviction, and went on.

Now the King of Bohemia with his queen and courtiers happening one fine ſummer's evening to walk out——Aye! there the word *happening* is right, Trim, cried my uncle Toby; for the King of Bohemia and his queen might have walk'd out, or let it alone;—'twas a matter of contingency, which might happen, or not, juſt as chance ordered it.

King William was of opinion, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth Trim, that every thing was predeſtined for us in this world; inſomuch that he would often ſay to his ſoldiers, that "every ball had its billet." He was a great man, ſaid my uncle Toby——And I believe, continued Trim, to this day, that the ſhot which diſabled me at the battle of Landen, was pointed at my knee for no other purpoſe, but to take me out of his ſervice, and place me in your honour's, where I ſhould be taken ſo much better care of in my old age—It ſhall never, Trim, be conſtrued otherwiſe, ſaid my uncle Toby.

The heart both of the maſter and the man were alike ſubject to ſudden overflowings;—a ſhort ſilence enſued.

Beſides,—ſaid the corporal, reſuming the diſcourſe—but in a gayer accent——if it had not been for that ſingle ſhot, I had never, an' pleaſe your honour, been in love—

So thou waſt once in love, Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, ſmiling——

Souſe! replied the corporal—over head and ears! an' pleaſe your honour. Prithee when? where?—and how came it to paſs?——I never heard one word of it before, quoth my uncle Toby.—I dare ſay, anſwered Trim, that every drummer and ſerjeant's ſon in the regiment knew of it—It's high time I ſhould——ſaid my uncle Toby.

Your honour remembers with concern, ſaid the corporal, the total rout and confuſion of our camp and army at the affair of Landen: every one was left to ſhift for himſelf; and if it had not been for the regiments of Wyndham, Lumley, and Galway, which covered the retreat over the bridge of Neerſpeeken, the king himſelf could ſcarce have gain'd it——he was preſs'd hard, as your honour knows, on every ſide of him—

Gallant mortal! cried my uncle Toby, caught up with enthuſiaſm—this moment, now that all is loſt, I ſee him galloping acroſs me, corporal, to the left, to bring up the remains of the Engliſh horſe along with him to ſupport the right, and tear the laurel from Luxembourg's brows, if yet 'tis poſſible—I ſee him with the knot of his ſcarfe juſt ſhot off, infuſing freſh ſpirits into poor Galway's regiment—riding along the line—then wheeling about, and charging Conti at the head of it—Brave! brave, by heaven! cried my uncle Toby.——He deſerves a crown——As richly, as a thief a halter; ſhouted Trim.

My uncle Toby knew the corporal's loyalty;—otherwiſe the compariſon was not at all to his mind——It did not altogether ſtrike the corporal's fancy when he had made it—but it could not be recall'd—ſo he had nothing to do, but proceed.

As the number of wounded was prodigious, and no one had time to think of any thing, but his own ſafety—Though Talmaſh, ſaid my uncle Toby, brought off the foot with great prudence—But I was left upon the field, ſaid the corporal. Thou waſt ſo; poor fellow! replied my uncle Toby—So that it was noon the next day, continued the corporal, before I was exchanged, and put into a cart with thirteen or fourteen more, in order to be conveyed to our hoſpital.

There is no part of the body, an' pleaſe your honour, where a wound occaſions more intolerable anguiſh than upon the knee—

Except the groin, ſaid my uncle Toby. An' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal, the knee, in my opinion, muſt certainly be the moſt acute, there being ſo many tendons and what-d'ye-call-'ems all about it.

It is for that reaſon, quoth my uncle Toby, that the groin is infinitely more ſenſible——there being not only as many tendons and what-d'ye-call-ems (for I know their names as little as thou do'ſt)——about it—but moreover * * *.——

Mrs. Wadman, who had been all the time in her arbour—inſtantly ſtopped her breath—unpinn'd her mob at the chin, and ſtood up upon one leg—

The diſpute was maintained with amicable and equal force betwixt my uncle Toby and Trim for ſome time; till Trim at length recollecting that he had often cried at his maſter's ſufferings, but never ſhed a tear at his own—was for giving up the point, which my uncle Toby would not allow—'Tis a proof of nothing, Trim, ſaid he, but the generoſity of thy temper—

So that whether the pain of a wound in the groin (*cæteris paribus*) is greater than the pain of a wound in the knee——or

Whether the pain of a wound in the knee is not greater than the pain of a wound in the groin—are points which to this day remain unſettled.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

THE anguiſh of my knee, continued the corporal, was exceſſive in itſelf; and the uneaſineſs of the cart, with the roughneſs of the roads, which were terribly cut up—making bad ſtill worſe—every ſtep was death to me; ſo that with the loſs of blood, and the want of care taken of me, and a fever I felt coming on beſides——(Poor ſoul! ſaid my uncle Toby)—all together, an' pleaſe your honour, was more than I could ſuſtain.

I was telling my ſufferings to a young woman at a peaſant's houſe, where our cart, which was the laſt of the line, had halted. They had help'd me in, and the young woman had taken a cordial out of her pocket, and dropp'd it upon ſome ſugar, and ſeeing it had cheer'd me, ſhe had given it me a ſecond and a third time—— So I was telling her, an' pleaſe your honour, the anguiſh I was in, and was ſaying it was ſo intolerable to me, that I had much rather lie down upon the bed, turning my face towards one which was in the corner of the room—and die, than go on—when, upon her attempting to lead me to it, I fainted away in her arms. She was a good ſoul! as your honour, ſaid the corporal, wiping his eyes, will hear.

I thought *love* had been a joyous thing, quoth my uncle Toby.

'Tis the moſt ſerious thing, an' pleaſe your honour, (ſometimes,) that is in the world.

By the perſuaſion of the young woman, continued the corporal, the cart with the wounded men ſet off without me: ſhe had aſſured them I ſhould expire immediately if I was put into the cart. So when I came to myſelf ——I found myſelf in a ſtill, quiet cottage, with no one but the young woman, and the peaſant and his wife.

I was

I was laid acroſs the bed in the corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon a chair, and the young woman beſide me, holding the corner of her handkerchief dipp'd in vinegar to my noſe with one hand, and rubbing my temples with the other.

I took her at firſt for the daughter of the peaſant (for it was no inn)——ſo had offer'd her a little purſe with eighteen florins, which my poor brother Tom (here Trim wip'd his eyes) had ſent me as a token, by a recruit, juſt before he ſet out for Liſbon——

——I never told your honour that piteous ſtory yet—here Trim wiped his eyes a third time.

The young woman call'd the old man and his wife into the room, to ſhew them the money, in order to gain me credit for a bed and what little neceſſaries I ſhould want, till I ſhould be in a condition to be got to the hoſpital——Come then! ſaid ſhe, tying up the little purſe—I'll be your banker—but as that office alone will not keep me employ'd, I'll be your nurſe too.

I thought by her manner of ſpeaking this, as well as by her dreſs, which I then began to conſider more attentively——that the young woman could not be the daughter of the peaſant.

She was in black down to her toes, with her hair conceal'd under a cambric border, laid cloſe to her forehead. She was one of thoſe kind of nuns, an' pleaſe your honour, of which, your honour knows, there are a good many in Flanders, which they let go looſe——By the deſcription, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, I dare ſay ſhe was a young Beguine, of which there are none to be found any where but in the Spaniſh Netherlands—except at Amſterdam——They differ from nuns in this, that they can quit their cloiſter if they chooſe to marry. They viſit and take care of the ſick by profeſſion——I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of good-nature.

——She often told me, quoth Trim, ſhe did it for the love of Chriſt—I did not like it—I believe, Trim, we are both wrong, ſaid my uncle Toby——We'll aſk

Mr.

Mr. Yorick about it to-night at my brother Shandy's ——ſo put me in mind, added my uncle Toby.

The young Beguine, continued the corporal, had ſcarce given herſelf time to tell me "ſhe would be my "nurſe," when ſhe haſtily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare ſomething for me—and in a ſhort time—though I thought it a long one—ſhe came back with flannels, &c. &c. and having fomented my knee ſoundly for a couple of hours, &c. and made me a thin baſon of gruel for my ſupper——ſhe wiſh'd me reſt, and promiſed to be with me early in the morning. ——She wiſh'd me, an' pleaſe your honour, what was not to be had. My fever ran very high that night—— her figure made ſad diſturbance within me—I was every moment cutting the world in two—to give her half of it—and every moment was I crying, That I had nothing but a knapſack and eighteen florins to ſhare with her— The whole night long was the fair Beguine, like an angel, cloſe by my bedſide, holding back my curtain, and offering me cordials—and I was only awakened from my dream by her coming there at the hour promiſed, and giving them in reality. In truth ſhe was ſcarce ever from me; and ſo accuſtomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart ſickened, and I loſt colour when ſhe left the room; and yet, continued the corporal, (making one of the ſtrangeſt reflections upon it in the world)——

——"*It was not love*"——for during the three weeks ſhe was almoſt conſtantly with me, fomenting my knee with her hand, night and day—I can honeſtly ſay, an' pleaſe your honour——that * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * once.

That was very odd, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby—

I think ſo too—ſaid Mrs. Wadman.

It never did, ſaid the corporal.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

—BUT 'tis no marvel, continued the corporal—— seeing my uncle Toby musing upon it—for Love, an' please your honour, is exactly like war, in this; that a soldier, though he has escaped three weeks complete o' Saturday night—may nevertheless be shot through his heart on Sunday morning——*It happened so here*, an' please your honour, with this difference only—that it was on Sunday in the afternoon, when I fell in love all at once with a sisserara——it burst upon me, an' please your honour, like a bomb—scarce giving me time to say, "God bless me."

I thought, Trim, said my uncle Toby, a man never fell in love so very suddenly.

Yes, an' please your honour, if he is in the way of it—replied Trim.

I prithee, quoth my uncle Toby, inform me how this matter happened.

——With all pleasure, said the corporal, making a bow.

CHAP. VII.

I Had escaped, continued the corporal, all that time from falling in love, and had gone on to the end of the chapter, had it not been predestinated otherwise—there is no resisting our fate.

It was on a Sunday, in the afternoon, as I told your honour——

The old man and his wife had walked out——

Every thing was still and hush as midnight about the house——

There was not so much as a duck or a duckling about the yard——

——When the fair Beguine came in to see me.

My wound was then in a fair way of doing well—— the inflammation had been gone off for ſome time, but it was ſucceeded with an itching both above and below my knee, ſo inſufferable, that I had not ſhut my eyes the whole night for it.

Let me ſee it, ſaid ſhe, kneeling down upon the ground parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon the part below it—It only wants rubbing a little, ſaid the Beguine; ſo covering it with the bed-clothes, ſhe began with the fore-finger of her right-hand to rub under my knee, guiding her fore-finger backwards and forwards by the edge of the flannel which kept on the dreſſing.

In five or ſix minutes I felt ſlightly the end of her ſecond finger——and preſently it was laid flat with the other, and ſhe continued rubbing in that way round and round for a good while! It then came into my head that I ſhould fall in love——I bluſh'd when I ſaw how white a hand ſhe had—I ſhall never, an' pleaſe your honour, behold another hand ſo white whilſt I live——

——Not in that place, ſaid my uncle Toby——

Though it was the moſt ſerious affair in nature to the corporal——he could not forbear ſmiling.

The young Beguine, continued the corporal, perceiving it was of great ſervice to me——from rubbing for ſome time with two fingers,—proceeded to rub at length with three——till by little and little ſhe brought down the fourth, and then rubb'd with her whole hand. I will never ſay another word, an' pleaſe your honour, upon hands again—but it was ſofter than ſattin——

——Prithee, Trim, commend it as much as thou wilt, ſaid my uncle Toby; I ſhall hear the ſtory with the more delight——The corporal thank'd his maſter moſt unfeignedly; but having nothing to ſay upon the Beguine's hand, but the ſame over again—he proceeded to the effects of it.

The fair Beguine, ſaid the corporal, continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee——till I fear'd her zeal would weary her——"I would do a thouſand times more," ſaid ſhe, "for the love of Chriſt"——

In

In ſaying which, ſhe paſs'd her hand acroſs the flannel to the part above my knee, which I had equally complained of, and rubb'd it alſo.

I perceived, then, I was beginning to be in love——

As ſhe continued rub-rub-rubbing——I felt it ſpread from under her hand, an' pleaſe your honour, to every part of my frame——

The more ſhe rubb'd, and the longer ſtrokes ſhe took ——the more the fire kindled in my veins—till at length, by two or three ſtrokes longer than the reſt——my paſſion roſe to the higheſt pitch——I ſeiz'd her hand——

——And then, thou clapped'ſt it to thy lips, Trim, ſaid my uncle Topy,—and madeſt a ſpeech.

Whether the corporal's amour terminated preciſely in the way my uncle Toby deſcribed it, is not material! it is enough that it contain'd in it the eſſence of all the love-romances which ever have been wrote ſince the beginning of the world.

CHAP VIII.

AS ſoon as the corporal had finiſh'd the ſtory of his amour——or rather my uncle Toby for him—Mrs. Wadman ſilently ſallied forth from her arbour, replaced the pin in her mob, paſs'd the wicker gate, and advanced ſlowly towards my uncle Toby's ſentry-box. The diſpoſition which Trim had made in my uncle Toby's mind, was too favourable a criſis to be let ſlipped——

——The attack was determin'd upon: It was facilitated ſtill more by my uncle Toby's having ordered the corporal to wheel off the pioneer's ſhovel, the ſpade, the pick-ax, the picquets, and other military ſtores which lay ſcatter'd upon the ground where Dunkirk ſtood——The corporal had march'd——the field was clear.

Now conſider, Sir, what nonſenſe it is, either in fighting or writing, or any thing elſe (whether in rhime to it, or not) which a man has occaſion to do—to act by plan: for if ever Plan, independent of all circumſtances deſerved

deſerved regiſtering in letters of gold (I mean in th archives of *Gotham*)—it was certainly the *Plan* of Mrs. Wadman's attack of my uncle Toby in his ſentry-box BY PLAN—Now the Plan hanging up in it at this juncture, being the Plan of Dunkirk—and the tale of Dunkirk a tale of relaxation, it oppoſed every impreſſion ſh could make: and beſides, could ſhe have gone upon it—the manœuvre of fingers and hands in the attack of th ſentry-box, was ſo outdone by that of the fair Beguine's in Trim's ſtory——that juſt then, that particular attack however ſucceſsful before——became the moſt heartle attack that could be made—

O! let woman alone for this. Mrs. Wadman ha ſcarce open'd the wicker-gate, when her genius ſportd with the change of circumſtances.

—She formed a new attack in a moment.

CHAP. IX.

—I am half diſtracted, Captain Shandy, ſaid Mr Wadman, holding up her cambrick handkerchief to h left eye, as ſhe approached the door of my uncle To by's ſentry-box——a mote—or ſand—or ſomething—know not what, has got into this eye of mine—do loo into it—it is not in the white—

In ſaying which, Mrs. Wadman edged herſelf clo in beſide my uncle Toby, and ſqueezing herſelf down up on the corner of his bench, ſhe gave him an opportuni of doing it without riſing up—Do look into it—ſaid ſh

Honeſt ſoul! thou didſt look into it with as much i nocency of heart, as ever child look'd into a raree ſhew box; and 'twere as much a ſin to have hurt thee.

—If a man will be peeping of his own accord in things of that nature—I've nothing to ſay to it.—

My uncle Toby never did: and I will anſwer for hi that he would have ſat quietly upon a ſofa from June January, (which, you know, takes in both the hot a col

ld months,) with an eye as fine as the Thracian * Ro-ope's besides him, without being able to tell whether as it a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle Toby to look at e at all.

'Tis surmounted. And

I see him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, nd the ashes falling out of it—looking—and looking—hen rubbing his eyes—and looking again, with twice he good-nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in he sun.

In vain! for by all the powers which animate the or-an—Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as ucid as her right——there is neither mote, or sand, or ust, or chaff, or speck, or particle of opake matter oating in it—There is nothing, my dear paternal un-le! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting ut from every part of it, in all directions, into thine——If thou lookest, uncle Toby, in search of this mote ne moment longer—thou art undone.

CHAP. X.

AN eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this respect; that it is not so much the eye or the annon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye—nd the carriage of the cannon, by which both the one nd the other are enabled to do so much execution. I on't think the comparison a bad one: However, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much or use as ornament, all I desire in return, is, that when-ever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

* Rodope Thracia tam inevitabili fascino instructa, am exacte oculis intuens attraxit, ut si in illam quis in-idisset, fieri non posset, quin carperetur——I know n t who.

 I protest,

I proteſt, Madam, ſaid my uncle Toby, I can ſee nothing whatever in your eye.

It is not in the white, ſaid Mrs. Wadman. My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil——

Now of all the eyes which ever were created—from your own, Madam, up to thoſe of Venus herſelf, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever ſtood in a head—there never was an eye of them all ſo fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repoſe, as the very eye at which he was looking—It was not, Madam, a rolling eye—a romping or a wanton one——nor was it an eye ſparkling—petulant or imperious—of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my uncle Toby was made up—but 'was an eye full of gentle ſalutations —and ſoft reſponſes—ſpeaking—not like the trumpet-ſtop of ſome ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to, holds coarſe converſe—but whiſpering ſoft—— like the laſt low accents of an expiring ſaint—" How " can you live comfortleſs, Captain Shandy, and alone, " without a boſom to lean your head on—or truſt your " cares to ?"

It was an eye—

But I ſhall be in love with it myſelf, if I ſay another word about it.

—It did my uncle Toby's buſineſs.

CHAP. XI.

THERE is nothing ſhews the characters of my father and my uncle Toby in a more entertaining light, than their different manner of deportment under the ſame accident—for I call not love a misfortune, from a perſuaſion, that a man's heart is ever the better for it—Great God! what muſt my uncle Toby's have been, when 'twas all benignity without it.

My father, as appears from many of his papers, was very ſubject to this paſſion, before he married——but from a little ſubacid kind of drolliſh impatience in his nature, whenever it befell him, he would never ſubmit to it like a Chriſtian; but would piſh, and huff, and bounce, and kick, and play the devil, and write the bittereſt Philippicks againſt the eye that ever man wrote—There is one in verſe upon ſomebody's eye or other, that for two or three nights together had put him by his reſt; which, in his firſt tranſport of reſentment againſt it, he begins thus:

"A Devil 'tis——and miſchief ſuch doth work
"As never yet did *Pagan*, *Jew*, or *Turk*."*

In ſhort, during the whole paroxiſm, my father was all abuſe and foul language, approaching rather towards malediction—only he did not do it with as much method as Ernulphus——he was too impetuous; nor with Ernulphus's policy—for tho' my father, with the moſt intolerant ſpirit, would curſe both this and that, and every thing under heaven, which was either aiding or abetting to his love——yet he never concluded his chapter

* This will be printed with my father's life of Socrates, &c. &c.

ter of curſes upon it, without curſing himſelf in at the bargain, as one of the moſt egregious fools and cox-combs, he would ſay, that ever was let looſe in the world.

My uncle Toby, on the contrary, took it like a lamb——ſat ſtill, and let the poiſon work in his veins without reſiſtance——In the ſharpeſt exacerbations of his wound (like that on his groin) he never dropt one fretful or diſcontented word——he blamed neither heaven nor earth,—or thought or ſpoke an injurious thing of any body, or any part of it! he ſat ſolitary and penſive with his pipe——looking at his lame leg——then whiffing out a ſentimental heigh-ho! which mixing with the ſmoke, incommoded no one mortal.

He took it like a lamb——I ſay.

In truth, he had miſtook it at firſt; for having taken a ride with my father, that very morning, to ſave, if poſſible, a beautiful wood, which the dean and chapter were hewing down to give to the poor *; which ſaid wood being in full view of my uncle Toby's houſe, and of ſingular ſervice to him in his deſcription of the battle of Wynendale,—by trotting on too haſtily to ſave it—upon an uneaſy ſaddle—worſe horſe, *&c. &c.* . . it had ſo happened, that the ſerous part of the blood had got betwixt the two ſkins, in the nethermoſt part of my uncle Toby—the firſt ſhootings of which (as my uncle Toby had no experience of love) he had taken for a part of the paſſion—till the bliſter breaking in the one caſe—and the other remaining—my uncle Toby was preſently convinced, that his wound was not a ſkin-deep-wound—but that it had gone to his heart.

CHAP.

* Mr. Shandy muſt mean the poor in ſpirit; inaſmuch as they divided the money amongſt themſelves.

CHAP. XII.

THE world is aſhamed of being virtuous——My uncle Toby knew little of the world; and therefore, when he felt he was in love with widow Wadman, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a myſtery of, than if Mrs. Wadman had given him a cut with a gap'd knife acroſs his finger: Had it been otherwiſe—yet, as he ever look'd upon Trim as a humble friend, and ſaw freſh reaſons every day of his life to treat him as ſuch—it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

"I am in love, corporal!" quoth my uncle Toby.

CHAP. XIII.

IN love!——ſaid the corporal—Your honour was very well the day before yeſterday, when I was telling your honour the ſtory of the King of Bohemia——Bohemia! ſaid my uncle Toby——muſing a long time—What became of that ſtory, Trim?

——We loſt it, an' pleaſe your honour, ſomehow betwixt us——but your honour was as free from love then, as I am——'Twas juſt whilſt thou went'ſt off with the wheel-barrow—with Mrs. Wadman, quoth my uncle Toby—She has left a ball here—added my uncle Toby——pointing to his breaſt——

——She can no more, an' pleaſe your honour, ſtand a ſiege, than ſhe can fly—cried the corporal—

——But as we are neighbours, Trim,—the beſt way I think is to let her know it civilly firſt—quoth my uncle Toby.

Now if I might preſume, ſaid the corporal, to differ from your honour—

—Why elſe, do I talk to thee, Trim? ſaid my uncle Toby, mildly—

—Then

—Then I would begin, an' pleafe your honour, with making a good thundering attack upon her in return—and telling her civilly afterwards——for if fhe knows any thing of your honour's being in love before-hand ——L—d help her!—She knows no more at prefent of it, Trim, faid my uncle Toby, than the child unborn—

Precious fouls!——

Mrs. Wadman had told it, with all its circumftances, to Mrs. Bridget twenty-four hours before; and was at that very moment fitting in council with her, touching fome flight mifgivings with regard to the iffue of the affair, which the Devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head—before he would allow half time, to get quietly through her, *te Deum*—

I am terribly afraid, faid widow Wadman, in cafe I fhould marry him, Bridget,—that the poor captain will not enjoy his health, with the monftrous wound upon his groin—

It may not, Madam, be fo very large, replied Bridget, as you think; and I believe befides, added fhe—that 'tis dried up—

——I could like to know—merely for his fake, faid Mrs. Wadman—

—We'll know the long and the broad of it, in ten days—anfwered Mrs. Bridget; for whilft the captain is paying his addreffes to you—I am confident Mr. Trim will be for making love to me—and I'll let him as much as he will—added Bridget—to get it all out of him—

The meafures were taken at once—and my uncle Toby and the corporal went on with theirs.

Now, quoth the corporal, fetting his left hand a kimbo, and giving fuch a flourifh with his right, as juft promifed fuccefs—and no more——if your honour will give me leave to lay down the plan of this attack——

——Thou wilt pleafe me by it, Trim, faid my uncle Toby, exceedingly—and as I forefee thou muft act in it as my aid-de-camp, here's a crown, corporal, to begin with, to fteep thy commiffion.

—Then,

—Then, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal (making a bow firſt for his commiſſion)—we will begin with getting your honour's laced clothes out of the great campaign trunk, to be well aired, and have the blue and gold taken up at the ſleeves——and I'll put your white ramellie-wig freſh into pipes—and ſend for a tailor, to have your honour's thin ſcarlet breeches turned——

—I had better take the red pluſh ones, quoth my uncle Toby.—They will be too clumſy—ſaid the corporal.

CHAP. XIV.

——Thou wilt get a bruſh and a little chalk to my ſword—'Twill be only in your honour's way, replied Trim.

CHAP. XV.

—But your honour's two razors ſhall be new ſet—and I will get my Montero-cap furbiſh'd up, and put on poor lieutenant Le Fever's regimental coat, which your honour gave me to wear for his ſake—and as ſoon as your honour is clean ſhaved—and has got your clean ſhirt on, with your blue and gold, or your fine ſcarlet —ſometimes one and ſometimes t'other——and every thing is ready for the attack—we'll march up boldly, as if 'twas to the face of a baſtion; and whilſt your honour engages Mrs. Wadman in the parlour, to the right—I'll attack Mrs. Bridget in the kitchen, to the left; and having ſeiz'd that paſs, I'll anſwer for it, ſaid the corporal, ſnapping his fingers over his head—that the day is our own.

I wiſh I may but manage it right, ſaid my uncle Toby—but I declare, corporal, I had rather march up to the very edge of a trench——

—A woman is quite a different thing—ſaid the corporal.

I ſuppoſe ſo, quoth my uncle Toby.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

IF any thing in this world, which my father said,—could have provoked my uncle Toby, during the time he was in love, it was the perverse use my father was always making of an expression of Hilarion the hermit; who, in speaking of his abstinence, his watchings, flagellations, and other instrumental parts of his religion—would say—though with more facetiousness than became a hermit—" That they were the means he used " to make his ass (meaning his body) leave off kicking."

It pleased my father well: it was not only a laconic way of expressing—but of libelling, at the same time, the desires and appetites of the lower part of us; so that for many years of my father's life, 'twas his constant mode of expression—he never used the word *passions* once—but *ass* always instead of them—So that he might be said truly, to have been upon the bones, or the back of his own ass, or else of some other man's, during all that time.

I must here observe to you the difference betwixt

My father's ass

and my hobby-horse—in order to keep characters as separate as may be, in our fancies, as we go along.

For my hobby-horse, if you recollect a little, is no way a vicious beast; he has scarce one hair or lineament of the ass about him—'Tis the sporting little filly-folly which carries you out for the present hour—a maggot, a butterfly, a picture, a fiddlestick—an uncle Toby's siege—or an *any thing*, which a man makes a shift to get a stride on, to canter it away from the cares and solicitudes of life——'Tis as useful a beast as is in the whole creation—nor do I really see how the world could do without it——

—But

—But for my father's aſs—oh! mount him—mount him—mount him——(that's three times, is it not?) mount him not:—'tis a beaſt concupiſcent——and foul befal the man who does not hinder him from kicking.

CHAP. XVII.

WELL! dear brother Toby, ſaid my father, upon his firſt ſeeing him after he fell in love——and how goes it with your *Aſſe?*

Now my uncle Toby thinking more of the part where he had had the bliſter, than of Hilarion's metaphor—and our pre-conceptions having (you know) as great a power over the ſounds of words as the ſhapes of things, he had imagined that my father, who was not very ceremonious in his choice of words, had enquired after the part by its proper name; ſo, notwithſtanding my mother, Doctor Slop, and Mr. Yorick, were ſitting in the parlour, he thought it rather civil to conform to the term my father had made uſe of than not. When a man is hemm'd in by two indecorums, and muſt commit one of 'em——I always obſerve—let him chooſe which he will, the world will blame him——ſo I ſhould not be aſtoniſhed if it blames my uncle Toby.

My A——e, quoth my uncle Toby, is much better——brother Shandy——My father had formed great expectations from his Aſſe in this onſet; and would have brought him on again; but Doctor Slop ſetting up an intemperate laugh—and my mother crying out L—d bleſs us!—it drove my father's Aſſe off the field——and the laugh then becoming general—there was no bringing him back to the charge for ſome time——

And ſo the diſcourſe went on without him.

Every body, ſaid my mother, ſays you are in love, brother Toby,—and we hope it is true.

I am as much in love, ſiſter, I believe, replied my uncle Toby, as any man uſually is——Humph! ſaid my father——And when did you know it? quoth my mother——

—When

——When the blifter broke, replied my uncle Toby.

My uncle Toby's reply put my father into good temper——fo he charg'd o'foot.

C H A P. XVIII.

AS the ancients agree, brother Toby, faid my father, that there are two different and diftinct kinds of *love*, according to the different parts which are affected by it——the Brain or Liver——I think when a man is in love, it behoves him a little to confider which of the two he is fallen into.

What fignifies it, brother Shandy, replied my uncle Toby, which of the two it is, provided it will but make a man marry, and love his wife, and get a few children.

——A few children! cried my father, rifing out of his chair, and looking full in my mother's face, as he forced his way betwixt her's and Doctor Slop's—a few children! cried my father, repeating my uncle Toby's words as he walked to and fro'—

—Not, my dear brother Toby, cried my father, recovering himfelf all at once, and coming clofe up to the back of my uncle Toby's chair——not that I fhould be forry had'ft thou a fcore——on the contrary, I fhould rejoice——and be as kind, Toby, to every one of them as a father——

My uncle Toby ftole his hand unperceiv'd behind his chair, to give my father's a fqueeze——

—Nay, moreover, continued he, keeping hold of my uncle Toby's hand——fo much do'ft thou poffefs, my dear Toby, of the milk of human nature, and fo little of its afperities——'tis piteous the world is not peopled by creatures which refemble thee; and was I an Afiatic monarch, added my father, heating himfelf with his new project—I would oblige thee, provided it would not impair thy ftrength——or dry up thy radical moifture too faft——or weaken thy memory or fancy, brother

Toby,

Toby, which these gymnicks, inordinately taken, are apt to do——else, dear Toby, I would procure thee the most beautiful woman in my empire, and I would oblige thee, *nolens, volens*, to beget for me one subject every month——

As my father pronounced the last word of the sentence——my mother took a pinch of snuff.

Now I would not, quoth my uncle Toby, get a child *nolens, volens*, that is, whether I would or no, to please the greatest prince upon earth——

——And 'twould be cruel in me, brother Toby, to compel thee, said my father—but 'tis a case put to shew thee, that it is not thy begetting a child—in case thou should'st be able——but the system of love and marriage thou goest upon, which I would set thee right in—There is at least, said Yorick, a great deal of reason and plain sense in Captain Shandy's opinion of love; and 'tis amongst the ill-spent hours of my life which I have to answer for, that I have read so many flourishing poets and rhetoricians in my time, from whom I never could extract so much——

I wish, Yorick, said my father, you had read Plato; for there you would have learnt that there are two Loves ——I know there were two *Religions*, replied Yorick, amongst the ancients—one for the vulgar, and another for the learned; but I think *one Love* might have served both of them very well——

It could not, replied my father—and for the same reasons: for of these Loves, according to Ficinus's comment upon Velasius, the one is *rational*——

——The other is *natural*——

the first ancient—without mother—where Venus had nothing to do: the second, begotten of Jupiter and Dione——

—Pray, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, what has a man who believes in God to do with this? My father could not stop to answer, for fear of breaking the thread of his discourse——

This latter, continued he, partakes wholly of the nature of Venus.

The firſt, which is the golden chain let down from heaven, excites to love heroic, which comprehends in it, and excites to the deſire of philoſophy and truth——the ſecond excites to *deſire* ſimply——

——I think the procreation of children as beneficial to the world, ſaid Yorick, as the finding out the longitude——

——To be ſure, ſaid my mother, *love* keeps peace in the world——

——In the *houſe*—my dear, I own—It repleniſhes the earth, ſaid my mother——

But it keeps heaven empty—my dear, replied my father.

—'Tis Virginity, cried Slop, triumphantly, which fills paradiſe.

Well puſh'd, nun! quoth my father.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

MY father had ſuch a ſkirmiſhing, cutting kind of a ſlaſhing way with him in his diſputations, thruſting and ripping, and giving every one a ſtroke to remember him by in his turn——that if there were twenty people in company—in leſs than half an hour he was ſure to have every one of 'em againſt him.

What did not a little contribute to leave him thus without any ally, was, that if there was any one poſt more untenable than the reſt, he would be ſure to throw himſelf into it; and to do him juſtice, when he was once there, he would defend it ſo gallantly, that 'twould have been a concern, either to a brave man, or a good-natured one, to have ſeen him driven out.

Yorick, for this reaſon, though he would often attack him—yet could never bear to do it with all his force.

Doctor Slop's VIRGINITY, in the cloſe of the chapter, had got him for once on the right ſide of the rampart; and he was beginning to blow up all the convents in Chriſtendom about Slop's ears, when Corporal Trim came into the parlour to inform my uncle Toby, that his thin ſcarlet breeches, in which the attack was to be made upon Mrs. Wadman, would not do; for that the tailor, in ripping them up, in order to turn them, had found they had been turn'd before——Then turn them again, brother, ſaid my father rapidly; for there will be many a turning of 'em yet before all's done in the affair—

They are as rotten as dirt, ſaid the corporal—Then, by all means, ſaid my father, beſpeak a new pair, brother—for though I know, continued my father, turning himſelf to the company, that widow Wadman has been deeply in love with my brother Toby for many years, and has uſed every art and circumvention of woman to outwit him into the ſame paſſion, yet now that ſhe has caught him—her fever will be paſs'd its height—

 —She

—She has gain'd her point.

In this case, continued my father, which Plato, I am persuaded, never thought of—Love, you see, is not so much a SENTIMENT as a SITUATION, into which a man enters, as my brother Toby would do, into a corps —no matter whether he loves the service or no—being once in it—he acts as if he did; and takes every step to shew himself a man of prowesse.

The hypothesis, like the rest of my father's, was plausible enough, and my uncle Toby had but a single word to object to it—in which Trim stood ready to second him—but my father had not drawn his conclusion—

For this reason, continued my father, (stating the case over again,) notwithstanding all the world knows, that Mrs. Wadman affects my brother Toby—and my brother Toby contrariwise affects Mrs. Wadman, and no obstacle in nature to forbid the music striking up this very night, yet will I answer for it, that this self-same tune will not be play'd this twelvemonth—

We have taken our measures badly, quoth my uncle Toby, looking up interrogatively in Trim's face.

I would lay my Montero-cap, said Trim——Now Trim's Montero-cap, as I once told you, was his constant wager, and having furbish'd it up that very night, in order to go upon the attack—it made the odds look more considerable—I would lay, an' please your honour, my Montero-cap to a shilling—was it proper, continued Trim (making a bow) to offer a wager before your honours—

——There is nothing improper in it, said my father —'tis a mode of expression; for in saying thou would'st lay thy Montero-cap to a shilling—all thou meanest is this—that thou believest—

—Now, What do'st thou believe?

That widow Wadman, an' please your worship, cannot hold it out ten days—

And whence, cried Slop, jeeringly, hast thou all this knowledge of woman, friend?

By

By falling in love with a popiſh clergy-woman, ſaid Trim.

'Twas a Beguine, ſaid my uncle Toby.

Doctor Slop was too much in wrath to liſten to the diſtinction; and my father taking that very criſis to fall in helter-ſkelter upon the whole order of Nuns and Beguines, a ſet of ſilly, fuſty baggages—Slop could not ſtand it——and my uncle Toby having ſome meaſures to take about his breeches—and Yorick about his fourth general diviſion—in order for their ſeveral attacks next day—the company broke up: and my father being left alone, and having half an hour upon his hand betwixt that and bed-time, he called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote my uncle Toby the following letter of inſtructions.

My dear brother Toby,

WHAT I am going to ſay to thee, is upon the nature of women, and of love-making to them; and perhaps it is as well for thee—tho' not ſo well for me—that thou haſt occaſion for a letter of inſtructions upon that head, and that I am able to write it to thee.

Had it been the good pleaſure of him who diſpoſes of our lots—and thou no ſufferer by the knowledge, I had been well content that thou ſhould'ſt have dipp'd the pen this moment into the ink, inſtead of myſelf; but that not being the caſe—Mrs. Shandy being now cloſe beſides me, preparing for bed—I have thrown together without order, and juſt as they have come into my mind, ſuch hints and documents as I deem may be of uſe to thee; intending, in this, to give thee a token of my love; not doubting, my dear Toby, of the manner in which it will be accepted.

In the firſt place, with regard to all which concerns religion in the affair—though I perceive, from a glow in my cheek, that I bluſh as I begin to ſpeak to thee upon the ſubject, as well knowing, notwithſtanding thy unaffected ſecrecy, how few of its offices thou neglecteſt

—yet I would remind thee of one (during the continuance of thy courtſhip) in a particular manner, which I would not have omitted; and that is, never to go forth upon the enterprize, whether it be in the morning or the afternoon, without firſt recommending thyſelf to the protection of almighty God, that he may defend thee from the evil one.

Shave the whole top of thy crown clean, once at leaſt every four or five days, but oftener if convenient; leſt in taking off thy wig before her, thro' abſence of mind, ſhe ſhould be able to diſcover how much has been cut away by Time—how much by Trim.

—'Twere better to keep ideas of baldneſs out of her fancy.

Always carry it in thy mind, and act upon it, as a ſure maxim, Toby—

"*That women are timid:*" And 'tis well they are—elſe there would be no dealing with them.

Let not thy breeches be too tight, or hang too looſe about thy thighs, like the trunk-hoſe of our anceſtors.

——A juſt medium prevents all concluſions.

Whatever thou haſt to ſay, be it more or leſs, forget not to utter it in a low ſoft tone of voice. Silence, and whatever approaches it, weaves dreams of midnight-ſecrecy into the brain: For this cauſe, if thou canſt help it, never throw down the tongs and poker.

Avoid all kinds of pleaſantry and facetiouſneſs in thy diſcourſe with her, and do whatever lies in thy power at the ſame time, to keep from her all books and writings which tend thereto. There are ſome devotional tracts, which, if thou canſt entice her to read over—it will be well: but ſuffer her not to look into Rabelais, or Scarron, or Don Quixote—

——They are all books which excite laughter; and thou knoweſt, dear Toby, that there is no paſſion ſo ſerious as luſt.

Stick a pin in the boſom of thy ſhirt before thou entereſt her parlour.

And

And if thou art permitted to ſit upon the ſame ſofa with her, and ſhe gives thee occaſion to lay thy hand upon hers—beware of taking it——thou can'ſt not lay thy hand on hers, but ſhe will feel the temper of thine. Leave that, and as many other things as thou can'ſt, quite undetermined: by ſo doing, thou wilt have her curioſity on thy ſide; and if ſhe is not conquer'd by that, and thy Asse continues ſtill kicking, which there is great reaſon to ſuppoſe—Thou muſt begin, with firſt loſing a few ounces of blood below the ears, according to the practice of the ancient Scythians, who cured the moſt intemperate fits of the appetite by that means.

Avicenna, after this, is for having the part anointed with the ſyrup of hellebore, uſing proper evacuations and purges—and I believe rightly. But thou muſt eat little or no goat's fleſh, nor red deer—nor even foal's fleſh by any means; and carefully abſtain—that is, as much as thou can'ſt, from peacocks, cranes, coots, didappers, and water-hens—

As for thy drink—I need not tell thee, it muſt be the infuſion of Vervain, and the Hanea, of which Ælian relates ſuch effects—but if thy ſtomach palls with it—diſcontinue it from time to time, taking cucumbers, melons, purſlane, water lilies, woodbine, and lettice, in the ſtead of them.

There is nothing farther for thee, which occurs to me at preſent—

—Unleſs the breaking out of a freſh war—So wiſhing every thing, dear Toby, for the beſt,

I reſt thy affectionate brother,

Walter Shandy.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX

WHILST my father was writing his letter of inſtructions, my uncle Toby and the corporal were buſy in preparing every thing for the attack. As the turning of the thin ſcarlet breeches was laid aſide (at-leaſt for the preſent) there was nothing which ſhould put it off beyond the next morning; ſo accordingly it was reſolv'd upon for eleven o'clock.

Come, my dear, ſaid my father to my mother—'twill be but like a brother and ſiſter, if you and I take a walk down to my brother Toby's—to countenance him in this attack of his.

My uncle Toby and the corporal had been accoutred both ſome time, when my father and mother enter'd, and the clock ſtriking eleven, were that moment in motion to ſally forth—but the account of this is worth more, than to be wove into the fag end of the eighth volume* of ſuch a work as this.—My father had no time but to put the letter of inſtructions into my uncle Toby's coat-pocket—and join with my mother in wiſhing his attack proſperous.

I could like, ſaid my mother, to look through the key-hole out of *curioſity*—Call it by its right name, my dear, quoth my father—

And look through the key-hole as long as you will.

* The eighth volume ended with this chapter in the former edition.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

I Call all the powers of time and chance, which ſeverally check us in our careers in this world, to bear me witneſs, that I could never yet get fairly to my uncle Toby's amours, till this very moment, that my mother's *curioſity*, as ſhe ſtated the affair,—or a different impulſe in her, as my father would have it—wiſhed her to take a peep at them through the key-hole.

"Call it, my dear, by its right name, quoth my father, and look through the key-hole as long as you will."

Nothing but the fermentation of that little ſubacid humour, which I have often ſpoken of, in my father's habit, could have vented ſuch an inſinuation—He was however frank and generous in his nature, and at all times open to conviction; ſo that he had ſcarce got to the laſt word of this ungracious retort, when his conſcience ſmote him.

My mother was then conjugally ſwinging with her left arm twiſted under his right, in ſuch wiſe, that the inſide of her hand reſted upon the back of his——ſhe raiſed her fingers, and let them fall——it could ſcarce be call'd a tap; or if it was a tap——'twould have puzzled a caſuiſt to ſay, whether it was a tap of remonſtrance, or a tap of confeſſion: my father, who was all ſenſibilities from head to foot, claſs'd it right—Conſcience redoubled her blow—he turned his face ſuddenly the other way; and my mother ſuppoſing his body was about to turn with it in order to move homewards, by a croſs movement of her right leg, keeping her left as its center, brought herſelf ſo far in front, that, as he turned his head, he met her eye——Confuſion again! he ſaw a thouſand reaſons to wipe out the reproach, and as many to reproach himſelf——a thin, blue,

blue, chill, pellucid chryſtal, with all its humours ſo at reſt, the leaſt mote or ſpeck of deſire might have been ſeen at the bottom of it, had it exiſted——it did not——and how I happen to be ſo lewd myſelf, particularly a little before the vernal and autumnal equinoxes—Heaven above knows—My mother——madam—was ſo at no time, either by nature, by inſtitution, or example.

A temperate current of blood ran orderly through her veins in all months of the year, and in all critical moments both of the day and night alike: nor did ſhe ſuperinduce the leaſt heat into her humours from the manual effervefcencies of devotional tracts, which having little or no meaning in them, nature is oft-times obliged to find one—And as for my father's example! 'twas ſo far from being either aiding or abetting thereunto, that 'twas the whole buſineſs of his life to keep all fancies of that kind out of her head—Nature had done her part, to have ſpared him this trouble; and what was not a little inconſiſtent, my father knew it—And here am I ſitting, this 12th day of Auguſt, 1766, in a purple jerkin and yellow pair of ſlippers, without either wig or cap on, a moſt tragicomical completion of his prediction, "That I ſhould neither think, "nor act like any other man's child, upon that very "account."

The miſtake of my father, was in attacking my mother's motive, inſtead of the act itſelf; for certainly key-holes were made for other purpoſes; and conſidering the act, as an act which interfered with a true propoſition, and denied a key-hole to be what it was——it became a violation of nature; and was ſo far, you ſee, criminal.

It is for this reaſon, an' pleaſe your reverences, That key-holes are the occaſions of more ſin and wickedneſs, than all other holes in this world put together.

——Which leads me to my uncle Toby's amours.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

THOUGH the corporal had been as good as his word in putting my uncle Toby's great ramillie-wig into pipes, yet the time was too ſhort to produce any great effects from it. It had lain many years ſqueezed up in the corner of his old campaign trunk; and as bad forms are not ſo eaſy to be got the better of, and the uſe of candle-ends not ſo well underſtood, it was not ſo pliable a buſineſs as one would have wiſhed. The corporal, with cheary eye, and both arms extended, had fallen back perpendicular from it a ſcore times, to inſpire it, if poſſible, with a better air—— Had *ſpleen* given a look at it, 'twould have coſt her ladyſhip a ſmile——it curl'd every where but where the corporal would have it; and where a buckle or two, in his opinion, would have done it honour, he could as ſoon have raiſed the dead.

Such it was——or rather ſuch would it have ſeem'd upon any other brow; but the ſweet look of goodneſs which ſat upon my uncle Toby's, aſſimulated every thing around it ſo ſovereignly to itſelf, and Nature had moreover wrote Gentleman with ſo fair a hand in every line of his countenance, that even his tarniſh'd gold-laced hat and huge cockade of flimſy taffeta became him; and though not worth a button in themſelves, yet the moment my uncle Toby put them on, they became ſerious objects, and altogether ſeem'd to have been picked up by the hand of Science to ſet him off to advantage.

Nothing in this world could have co-operated more powerfully towards this, than my uncle Toby's blue and gold—*had not Quantity in ſome meaſure been neceſſary to Grace.* In a period of fifteen or ſixteen years ſince they had been made, by a total inactivity in my

uncle

uncle Toby's life, for he ſeldom went farther than the bowling-green—his blue and gold had become ſo miſerably too ſtrait for him, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty the corporal was able to get him into them: the taking up at the ſleeves was of no advantage.—They were laced however down the back, and at the ſeams of the ſides, &c. in the mode of King William's reign; and to ſhorten all deſcription, they ſhone ſo bright againſt the ſun that morning, and had ſo metallick and doughty an air with them, that had my uncle Toby thought of attacking in armour, nothing could have ſo well impoſed upon his imagination.

As for the thin ſcarlet breeches, they had been unripp'd by the tailor between the legs, and left at *ſixes* and *ſevens*——

——Yes, Madam—but let us govern our fancies. It is enough they were held impracticable the night before; and as there was no alternative in my uncle Toby's wardrobe, he ſallied forth in the red pluſh.

The corporal had array'd himſelf in poor Le Fevre's regimental coat; and with his hair tuck'd up under his Montero-cap, which he had furbiſh'd up for the occaſion, march'd three paces diſtant from his maſter: a whiff of military pride had puff'd out his ſhirt at the wriſt! and upon that, in a black leather thong clipp'd into a taſſel beyond the knot, hung the corporal's ſtick—My uncle Toby carried his cane like a pike.

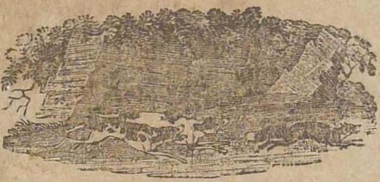
——It looks well at leaſt! quoth my father to himſelf.

CHAP. XXIII.

MY uncle Toby turn'd his head more than once behind him, to ſee how he was ſupported by the corporal; and the corporal, as oft as he did it, gave a ſlight flouriſh with his ſtick——but not vapouringly; and with the ſweeteſt accent of moſt reſpectful encouragement, bid his honour "never fear."

Now my uncle Toby did fear, and grievouſly too. He knew not (as my father had reproach'd him) ſo much as the right end of a woman from the wrong, and therefore was never altogether at his eaſe near any one of them—unleſs in ſorrow or diſtreſs; then infinite was his pity: Nor would the moſt courteous knight of romance have gone farther, at leaſt upon one leg, to have wiped away a tear from a woman's eye; and yet, excepting once that he was beguiled into it by Mrs. Wadman, he had never look'd ſtedfaſtly into one; and would often tell my father, in the ſimplicity of his heart, that it was almoſt (if not about) as bad as talking bawdy.——

——And ſuppoſe it is? my father would ſay.



CHAP. XXIV.

SHE cannot, quoth my uncle Toby, halting, when they had march'd up to within twenty paces of Mrs. Wadman's door—she cannot, corporal, take it amiss—

——She will take it, an' please your honour, said the corporal, just as the Jew's widow at Lisbon took it of my brother Tom——

—And how was that? quoth my uncle Toby, facing quite about to the corporal.

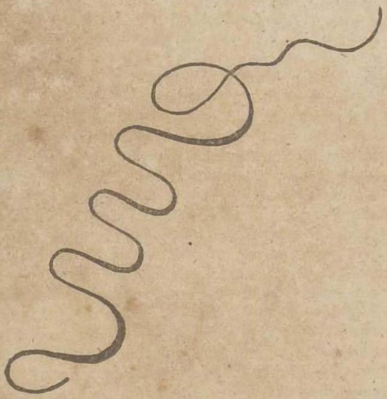
Your honour, replied the corporal, knows of Tom's misfortunes; but this affair has nothing to do with them, any farther than this, That if Tom had not married the widow——or had it pleased God, after their marriage, that they had but put pork into their sausages, the honest soul had never been taken out of his warm bed, and dragg'd to the inquisition.——'Tis a cursed place——added the corporal, shaking his head——when once a poor creature is in, he is in, an' please your honour, for ever.

'Tis very true, said my uncle Toby, looking gravely at Mrs. Wadman's house as he spoke.

Nothing, continued the corporal, can be so sad as confinement for life—or so sweet, an' please your honour, as liberty.

Nothing, Trim——said my uncle Toby, musing——

Whilst a man is free—cried the corporal, giving a flourish with his stick thus—



A thouſand of my father's moſt ſubtle ſyllogiſms could not have ſaid more for celibacy.

My uncle Toby look'd earneſtly towards his cottage and his bowling-green.

The corporal had unwarily conjured up the Spirit of calculation with his wand; and he had nothing to do, but to conjure him down again with his ſtory, and in this form of Exorciſm, moſt unecclesiaſtically did the corporal do it.

CHAP. XXV.

AS Tom's place, an' pleafe your honour, was eafy——and the weather warm——it put him upon thinking ferioufly of fettling himfelf in the world; and as it fell out about that time, that a Jew, who kept a faufage fhop in the fame ftreet, had the ill luck to die of a ftrangury, and leave his widow in poffeffion of a roufing trade——Tom thought (as every body in Lifbon was doing the beft he could devife for himfelf) there could be no harm in offering her his fervice to carry it on: fo without any introduction to the widow, except that of buying a pound of faufages at her fhop—Tom fet out—counting the matter thus within himfelf as he walk'd along; that let the worft come of it that could, he fhould at leaft get a pound of faufages for their worth—but if things went well, he fhould be fet up; inafmuch as he fhould get not only a pound of faufages——but a wife——and a faufage fhop, an' pleafe your honour, into the bargain.

Every fervant in the family, from high to low, wifh'd Tom fuccefs: and I can fancy, an' pleafe your honour, I fee him this moment with his white dimity waiftcoat and breeches, and hat a little o' one fide, paffing jollily along the ftreet, fwinging his ftick, with a fmile and a cheerful word for every body he met.——But alas! Tom! thou fmileft no more, cried the corporal, looking on one fide of him upon the ground, as if he apoftrophized him in his dungeon.

Poor fellow! faid my uncle Toby, feelingly.

He was an honeft, light-hearted lad, an' pleafe your honour, as ever blood warm'd——

—Then he refembled thee, Trim, faid my uncle Toby, rapidly.

The

The corporal bluſh'd down to his fingers ends—a tear of ſentimental baſhfulneſs——another of gratitude to my uncle Toby——and a tear of ſorrow for his brother's misfortunes, ſtarted into his eye, and ran ſweetly down his cheek together. My uncle Toby's kindled as one lamp does at another; and taking hold of the breaſt of Trim's coat (which had been that of Le Fevre's) as if to eaſe his lame leg, but in reality to gratify a finer feeling—he ſtood ſilent for a minute and a half; at the end of which he took his hand away, and the corporal making a bow, went on with his ſtory of his brother and the Jew's widow.

CHAP. XXVI.

WHEN Tom, an' pleaſe your honour, got to the ſhop, there was nobody in it, but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers ſlightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies—not killing them——'Tis a pretty picture! ſaid my uncle Toby—— She had ſuffered perſecution, Trim, and had learnt mercy——

——She was good, an' pleaſe your honour, from nature as well as from hardſhips; and there are circumſtances in the ſtory of that poor friendleſs ſlut that would melt a heart of ſtone, ſaid Trim; and ſome diſmal winter's evening, when your honour is in the humour, they ſhall be told you with the reſt of Tom's ſtory, for it makes a part of it——

Then do not forget, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.

A Negro has a ſoul! an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal (doubtingly).

I am not much verſed, corporal, quoth my uncle Toby, in things of that kind; but I ſuppoſe God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me——

——It would be putting one ſadly over the head of another, quoth the corporal.

It would ſo, ſaid my uncle Toby. Why then, an' pleaſe your honour, is a black wench to be uſed worſe than a white one?

I can give no reaſon, ſaid my uncle Toby——

——Only, cried the corporal, ſhaking his head, becauſe ſhe has no one to ſtand up for her——

——'Tis that very thing, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby——which recommends her to protection——and her brethren with her. 'Tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands *now*——where it may be

be hereafter, heaven knows!—but be it where it will, the brave, Trim, will not uſe it unkindly.

——God forbid, ſaid the corporal.

Amen, reſponded my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon his heart.

The corporal returned to his ſtory, and went on—but with an embarraſſment in doing it, which here and there a reader in this world will not be able to comprehend; for by the many ſudden tranſitions all along, from one kind and cordial paſſion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had loſt the ſportable key of his voice which gave ſenſe and ſpirit to his tale: he attempted twice to reſume it, but could not pleaſe himſelf; ſo giving a ſtout hem! to rally back the retreating ſpirits, and aiding Nature at the ſame time with his left arm a-kimbo on one ſide, and with his right a little extended, ſupporting her on the other——the corporal got as near the note as he could; and in that attitude continued his ſtory.

CHAP. XXVII.

AS Tom, an' pleaſe your honour, had no buſineſs at that time with the Mooriſh girl, he paſſed on into the room beyond to talk to the Jew's widow about love —and his pound of ſauſages; and being, as I have told your honour, an open, cherry-hearted lad, with his character wrote in his looks and carriage, he took a chair, and without much apology, but with great civility at the ſame time, placed it cloſe to her at the table, and ſat down.

There is nothing ſo awkward as courting a woman, an' pleaſe your honour, whilſt ſhe is making ſauſages— So Tom began a diſcourſe upon them; firſt gravely— " as how they are made—with what meats, herbs and " ſpices"—Then a little gayly—as, " With what ſkins " —and if they never burſt—Whether the largeſt were " not the beſt ?"——and ſo on——taking care only as he went along, to ſeaſon what he had to ſay upon ſauſages rather under than over;——that he might have room to act in——

It was owing to the neglect of that very precaution, ſaid my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon Trim's ſhoulder, That Count de la Motte loſt the battle of Wynendale: he preſſed too ſpeedily into the wood; which if he had not done, Liſle had not fallen into our hands, nor Ghent and Bruges, which both followed her example. It was ſo late in the year, continued my uncle Toby, and ſo terrible a ſeaſon came on, that if things had not fallen out as they did, our troops muſt have periſhed in the open field.——

—Why, therefore, may not battles, an' pleaſe your honour, as well as marriages, be made in heaven ?—— My uncle Toby muſed.—

Religion

Religion inclined him to ſay one thing, and his high idea of military ſkill tempted him to ſay another; ſo not being able to frame a reply exactly to his mind—my uncle Toby ſaid nothing at all; and the corporal finiſhed his ſtory.

As Tom perceiv'd, an' pleaſe your honour, that he gained ground, and that all he had ſaid upon the ſubject of ſauſages was kindly taken, he went on to help her a little in making them.——Firſt, by taking hold of the ring of the ſauſage whilſt ſhe ſtroked the forced meat down with her hand—then by cutting the ſtrings into proper lengths, and holding them in his hand, whilſt ſhe took them out one by one—then, by putting them acroſs her mouth, that ſhe might take them out as ſhe wanted them——and ſo on from little to more, till at laſt he adventured to tie the ſauſage himſelf, whilſt ſhe held the ſnout.

——Now a widow, an' pleaſe your honour, always chuſes a ſecond huſband as unlike the firſt as ſhe can: ſo the affair was more than half ſettled in her mind before Tom mentioned it.

She made a feint however of defending herſelf, by ſnatching up a ſauſage:——Tom inſtantly laid hold of another——

But ſeeing Tom's had more griſtle in it——

She ſigned the capitulation—and Tom ſealed it; and there was an end of the matter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

ALL womankind, continued Trim, (commenting upon his ſtory,) from the higheſt to the loweſt, an' pleaſe your honour, love jokes; the difficulty is to know how they chuſe to have them cut; and there is no knowing that, but by trying as we do with our artillery in the field, by raiſing or letting down their breeches till we hit the mark.

—I like the compariſon, ſaid my uncle Toby, better than the thing itſelf——

—Becauſe your honour, quoth the corporal, loves glory more than pleaſure.

I hope, Trim, anſwered my uncle Toby, I love mankind more than either; and as the knowledge of arms tends ſo apparently to the good and quiet of the world—and particularly that branch of it which we have practiſed together in our bowling-green, has no object but to ſhorten the ſtrides of AMBITION, and intrench the lives and fortunes of the few from the plunderings of the many—whenever that drum beats in our ear, I truſt, corporal, we ſhall neither of us want ſo much humanity and fellow-feeling as to face about and march.

In pronouncing this, my uncle Toby faced about, and march'd firmly as at the head of his company—and the faithful corporal, ſhouldering his ſtick, and ſtriking his hand upon his coat-ſkirt as he took his firſt ſtep——march'd cloſe behind him down the avenue.

—Now what can their two noddles be about? cried my father to my mother—by all that's ſtrange, they are beſieging Mrs. Wadman in form, and are marching round her houſe to mark out the lines of circumvallation.

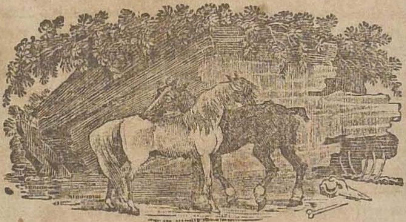
I dare ſay, quoth my mother—But ſtop, dear Sir—for what my mother dared to ſay upon the occaſion—and

what

what my father did ſay upon it—with her replies and his rejoinders, ſhall be read, peruſed, paraphraſed, commented and deſcanted upon—or to ſay it all in a word, ſhall be thumb'd over by Poſterity in a chapter apart—I ſay, by Poſterity—and care not, if I repeat the word again—for what has this book done more than the Legation of Moſes, or the Tale of a Tub, that it may not ſwim down the gutter of Time along with them?

I will not argue the matter: Time waſtes too faſt; every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity Life follows my pen: the days and hours of it, more precious, my dear Jenny! than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more—very thing preſſes on—whilſt thou art twiſting that lock—ſee! it grows grey; and every time I kiſs thy hand to bid adieu, and every abſence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal ſeparation which we are ſhortly to make.

——Heaven have mercy upon us both!



CHAP. XXIX.

NOW, for what the world thinks of that ejaculation ——I would not give a groat.

CHAP. XXX.

MY mother had gone with her left arm twiſted in my father's right, till they had got over the fatal angle of the old garden wall, where Doctor Slop was overthrown by Obadiah on the coach horſe: as this was directly oppoſite to the front of Mrs. Wadman's houſe, when my father came to it, he gave a look acroſs; and ſeeing my uncle Toby and the corporal within ten paces of the door, he turn'd about——" Let us juſt ſtop a moment, quoth " my father, and ſee with what ceremonies my brother " Toby and his man Trim make their firſt entry——it " will not detain us, added my father, a ſingle minute." —No matter, if it be ten minutes, quoth my mother. ——It will not detain us half a one, ſaid my father.

The corporal was juſt then ſetting in with the ſtory of his brother Tom and the Jew's widow: the ſtory went on—and on—it had epiſodes in it—it came back, and went on—and on again; there was no end of it— the reader found it very long——

——G—help my father! he piſh'd fifty times at every new attitude; and gave the corporal's ſtick, with all its flouriſhings and danglings, to as many devils as choſe to accept of them.

When iſſues of events like theſe my father is waiting for, are hanging in the ſcales of fate, the mind has the

advantage of changing the principle of expectation three times, without which it would not have power to ſee it out.

Curioſity governs the *firſt moment*; and the ſecond moment is all œconomy to juſtify the expence of the firſt —and for the third, fourth, fifth, and ſixth moments, and ſo on to the day of judgment—'tis a point of *Honour*.

I need not be told, that the ethic writers have aſſigned this all to Patience; but that VIRTUE, methinks, has extent of dominion ſufficient of her own, and enough to do in it, without invading the few diſmantled caſtles which *Honour* has left him upon the earth.

My father ſtood it out as well as he could with theſe three auxiliaries, to the end of Trim's ſtory; and from thence to the end of my uncle Toby's panegyrick upon arms in the chapter following it; when ſeeing, that, inſtead of marching up to Mrs. Wadman's door, they both faced about, and marched down the avenue diametrically oppoſite to his expectation—he broke out at once with that little ſubacid ſoreneſs of humour, which, in certain ſituations, diſtinguiſhed his character from that of all other men.

CHAP. XXXI.

——" NOW what can their two noddles be about?" cried my father - - *&c.* - - - -

I dare ſay, ſaid my mother, they are making fortifications——

——Not on Mrs. Wadman's premiſes, cried my father, ſtepping back——

I ſuppoſe not, quoth my mother.

I wiſh, ſaid my father, raiſing his voice, the whole ſcience of fortification at the devil, with all its trumpery of ſaps, mines, blinds, gabions, fauſſe-brays and cuvetts—

——They are fooliſh things—ſaid my mother.

Now ſhe had a way, which, by-the-bye, I would this moment give away my purple jerkin, and my yellow ſlippers into the bargain, if ſome of your reverences would imitate——and that was never to refuſe her aſſent and conſent to any propoſition my father laid before her, merely becauſe ſhe did not underſtand it, or had no ideas of the principal word, or term of art, upon which the tenet or propoſition rolled. She contented herſelf with doing all that her godfathers and godmothers promiſed for her—but no more; and ſo would go on uſing a hard word twenty years together——and replying to it too, if it was a verb, in all its moods and tenſes, without giving herſelf any trouble to enquire about it.

This was an eternal ſource of miſery to my father, and broke the neck, at the firſt ſetting out, of more good dialogues between them, than could have done the moſt petulant contradiction——the few which ſurvived were the better for the *cuvetts*—

——" They are fooliſh things," ſaid my mother.

—Particularly the *cuvetts*, replied my father.

'Twas enough—he taſted the ſweet of triumph, and went on.

—Not

—Not that they are, properly ſpeaking, Mrs. Wadman's premiſes, ſaid my father, partly correcting himſelf —becauſe ſhe is but tenant for life—

—That makes a great difference—ſaid my mother—

—In a fool's head, replied my father—

Unleſs ſhe ſhould happen to have a child—ſaid my mother—

——But ſhe muſt perſuade my brother Toby firſt to get her one—

—To be ſure, Mr. Shandy, quoth my mother.

—Though, if it comes to perſuaſion—ſaid my father —Lord have mercy upon them.

Amen: ſaid my mother, *piano.*

Amen: cried my father, *fortiſſimè.*

Amen: ſaid my mother again——but with ſuch a ſighing cadence of perſonal pity at the end of it, as diſcomfitted every fibre about my father—He inſtantly took out his almanack; but before he could untie it, Yorick's congregation coming out of church, became a full anſwer to one half of his buſineſs with it—and my mother telling him it was a ſacrament day—left him as little in doubt as to the other part—He put his almanack into his pocket.

The firſt Lord of the Treaſury, thinking of *ways and means,* could not have returned home with a more embarraſſed look.

CHAP. XXXII.

UPON looking back from the end of the laſt chapter, and ſurveying the texture of what has been wrote, it is neceſſary, that upon this page, and the five following, a good quantity of heterogeneous matter be inſerted, to keep up that juſt balance betwixt wiſdom and folly, without which a book would not hold together a ſingle year: nor is it a poor creeping digreſſion (which, but for the name of, a man might continue as well going on in the king's highway) which will do the buſineſs—no; if it is to be a digreſſion, it muſt be a good friſky one, and upon a friſky ſubject too, where neither the horſe or his rider are to be caught, but by rebound.

The only difficulty, is raiſing powers ſuitable to the nature of the ſervice: FANCY is capricious—WIT muſt not be ſearched for—and PLEASANTRY (good-natured ſlut as ſhe is) will not come in at a call, was an empire to be laid at her feet.

—The beſt way for a man, is to ſay his prayers——

Only if it puts him in mind of his infirmities and defects, as well ghoſtly as bodily—for that purpoſe, he will find himſelf rather worſe after he has ſaid them than before—for other purpoſes, better.

For my own part, there is not a way, either moral or mechanical, under heaven, that I could think of, which I have not taken with myſelf in this caſe: ſometimes by addreſſing myſelf directly to the ſoul herſelf, and urging the point over and over again with her upon the extent of her own faculties—

—I never could make them an inch the wider—

Then by changing my ſyſtem, and trying what could be made of it upon the body, by temperance, ſoberneſs and chaſtity: Theſe are good, quoth I, in themſelves—they are good, abſolutely;—they are good, relatively;

—they

they are good for health—they are good for happineſs in this world—they are good for happineſs in the next—

In ſhort, they were good for every thing but the thing wanted; and there they were good for nothing, but to leave the ſoul juſt as heaven made it. As for the theological virtues of faith and hope, they give it courage; but then that ſniveling virtue of meekneſs (as my father would always call it) takes it quite away again, ſo you are exactly where you ſtarted.

Now in all common and ordinary caſes, there is nothing which I have found to anſwer ſo well as this—

—Certainly, if there is any dependence upon logic, and that I am not blinded by ſelf-love, there muſt be ſomething of true genius about me, merely upon this ſymptom of it, that I do not know what envy is: for never do I hit upon any invention or device which tendeth to the furtherance of good writing, but I inſtantly make it public; willing that all mankind ſhould write as well as myſelf.

—Which they certainly will, when they think as little.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAP. XXXIII.

NOW in ordinary caſes, that is, when I am only ſtupid, and the thoughts riſe heavily, and paſs grumous through my pen—

Or that I am got, I know not how, into a cold unmetaphorical vein of infamous writing, and cannot take a plumb-lift out of it *for my ſoul*; ſo muſt be obliged to go on writing like a Dutch commentator to the end of the chapter, unleſs ſomething be done—

—I never ſtand conferring with pen and ink one moment; for if a pinch of ſnuff, or a ſtride or two acroſs the room, will not do the buſineſs for me—I take a razor at once; and having tried the edge of it upon the palm of my hand, without farther ceremony, except that of firſt lathering my beard, I ſhave it off; taking care only, if I do leave a hair, that it be not a grey one: This done, I change my ſhirt—put on a better coat—ſend for my laſt wig—put my topaz ring upon my finger; and, in a word, dreſs myſelf from one end to the other of me, after my beſt faſhion.

Now the devil in hell muſt be in it, if this does not do: For conſider, Sir, as every man chuſes to be preſent at the ſhaving of his own beard (though there is no rule without an exception) and unavoidably ſits over againſt himſelf the whole time it is doing, in caſe he has a hand in it—the Situation, like all others, has notions of her own to put into the brain.——

—I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-bearded man, are ſeven years more terſe and juvenile for one ſingle operation; and if they did not run a riſk of being quite ſhaved away, might be carried up by continual ſhavings, to the higheſt pitch of ſublimity——How Homer could write with ſo long a beard, I don't know——and as it makes

makes againſt my hypotheſis, I as little care—But let us return to the Toilet.

Ludovicus Sorbonenſis makes this entirely an affair of the body (εξωτερικη πραξις) as he calls it——but he is deceived: the ſoul and body are joint ſharers in every thing they get: A man cannot dreſs, but his ideas get cloth'd at the ſame time; and if he dreſſes like a gentleman, every one of them ſtands preſented to his imagination, genteelized along with him—ſo that he has nothing to do, but take his pen, and write like himſelf.

For this cauſe, when your honours and reverences would know whether I writ clean and fit to be read, you will be able to judge full as well by looking into my Laundreſs's bill as my book: there was one ſingle month in which I can make it appear, that I dirtied one-and-thirty ſhirts with clean writing; and after all, was more abus'd, curs'd, criticis'd and confounded, and had more myſtic heads ſhaken at me, for what I had wrote in that one month, than all the other months of that year put together.

—But their honours and reverences had not ſeen my *bills*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

AS I never had any intention of beginning the Digreſſion, I am making all this preparation for, till I come to the thirty-fifth chapter——I have this chapter to put to whatever uſe I think proper——I have twenty this moment ready for it——I could write my chapter of Button-holes in it——

Or my chapter of Piſhes, which ſhould follow them——

Or my chapter of Knots, in caſe their reverences have done with them——They might lead me into miſchief. The ſafeſt way is to follow the track of the learned, and raiſe objections againſt what I have been writing; tho' I declare beforehand, I know no more than my heels how to anſwer them.

And firſt, it may be ſaid, there is a pelting kind of *therſitical* ſatire, as black as the very ink 'tis wrote with——(and, by-the-bye, whoever ſays ſo, is indebted to the muſter-maſter general of the Grecian army, for ſuffering the name of ſo ugly and foul-mouth'd a man as Therſites to continue upon his roll——for it has furniſhed him with an epithet)——in theſe productions he will urge, all the perſonal waſhings and ſcrubbings upon earth do a ſinking genuis no ſort of good——but juſt the contrary, inaſmuch as the dirtier the fellow is, the better generally he ſucceeds in it.

To this I have no other anſwer——at leaſt ready——but that the Archbiſhop of Benevento wrote his naſty Romance of the Galatea, as all the world knows, in a purple coat, waiſtcoat, and purple pair of breeches; and that the penance ſet him of writing a commentary upon the book of the Revelations, as ſevere as it was look'd

look'd upon by one part of the world, was far from being deem'd ſo by the other, upon the ſingle account of that Inveſtment.

Another objection to all this remedy, is its want of univerſality: foraſmuch as the ſhaving part of it, upon which ſo much ſtreſs is laid, by an unalterable law of nature, excludes one half of the ſpecies entirely from its uſe; all I can ſay is, that female writers, whether of England or of France, muſt e'en go without it——

As for the Spaniſh ladies——I am in no ſort of diſtreſs——

CHAP. XXXV.

THE thirty-fifth chapter is come at laſt; and brings nothing with it but a ſad ſignature of "How our pleaſures ſlip from under us in this world!"

For in talking of my Digreſſion——I declare before heaven I have made it! What a ſtrange creature is mortal man! ſaid ſhe.

'Tis very true, ſaid I—but 'twere better to get all theſe things out of our heads, and return to my uncle Toby.

CHAP. XXXVI.

WHEN my uncle Toby and the corporal had marched down to the bottom of the avenue, they recollected their bufinefs lay the other way; fo they faced about, and marched up ftraight to Mrs. Wadman's door.

I warrant your honour, faid the corporal, touching his Montero-cap with his hand, as he paffed him, in order to give a knock at the door—My uncle Toby, contrary to his invariable way of treating his faithful fervant, faid nothing good or bad: The truth was, he had not altogether marfhal'd his ideas: he wifh'd for another conference, and as the corporal was mounting up three fteps before the door——he hemm'd twice—— A portion of my uncle Toby's moft modeft fpirits fled, at each expulfion, towards the corporal: he ftood with the rapper of the door fufpended for a full minute in his hand, he fcarce knew why. Bridget ftood perdue within, with her finger and her thumb upon the latch, benumb'd with expectation; and Mrs. Wadman, with an eye ready to be deflowered again, fat breathlefs behind the window-curtain of her bed-chamber, watching their approach.

Trim! faid my uncle Toby——but as he articulated the word, the minute expired, and Trim let fall the rapper.

My uncle Toby perceiving that all hopes of a conference were knock'd on the head by it——whiftled Lilla-bullero.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

AS Mrs. Bridget's finger and thumb were upon the latch, the corporal did not knock as oft as perchance your honour's tailor—I might have taken my example ſomething nearer home; for I owe mine ſome five-and-twenty pounds at leaſt, and wonder at the man's patience——

——But this is nothing at all to the world: only 'tis a curſed thing to be in debt: and there ſeems to be a fatality in the exchequers of ſome poor princes, particularly thoſe of our houſe, which no œconomy can bind down in irons. For my own part, I'm perſuaded there is not any one prince, prelate, pope, or potentate, great or ſmall, upon earth, more deſirous in his heart with keeping ſtraight with the world than I am——or who takes more likely means for it. I never give above half a guinea——or walk with boots—or cheapen tooth-picks—or lay out a ſhilling upon a band-box the year round; and for the ſix months I'm in the country, I'm upon ſo ſmall a ſcale, that, with all the good temper in the world, I outdo Rouſſeau, a bar length—for I keep neither man or boy, or horſe, or cow, or dog, or cat, or any thing that can eat or drink, except a thin poor piece of a Veſtal (to keep my fire in,) and who has generally as bad an appetite as myſelf——But if you think this makes a philoſopher of me——I would not, my good people! give a ruſh for your judgments.

True philoſophy—But there is no treating the ſubject whilſt my uncle is whiſtling Lilla-bullero.

——Let us go into the houſe.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

CHAP. XXXIX.

CHAP. XL.

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——You ſhall ſee the very place, Madam, ſaid my uncle Toby.

Mrs. Wadman bluſh'd——look'd towards the door—turn'd pale——bluſh'd ſlightly again——recovered her natural colour——bluſh'd worſe than ever; which, for the ſake of the unlearned reader, I tranſlate thus——

"L—d! I cannot look at it——
"What would the world ſay if I look'd at it?
"I ſhould drop down, if I look'd at it—
"I wiſh I could look at it——
"There can be no ſin in looking at it.
——*"I will look at it."*

Whilſt all this was running through Mrs. Wadman's imagination, my uncle Toby had riſen from the ſofa, and got to the other ſide of the parlour door, to give Trim an order about it in the paſſage—

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *—
I believe it is in the garret, ſaid my uncle Toby——I ſaw it there, an' pleaſe your honour, this morning, anſwered Trim—

Trim—Then prithee ſtep directly for it, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and bring it into the parlour.

The corporal did not approve of the orders, but moſt cheerfully obey'd them. The firſt was not an act of his will——The ſecond was; ſo he put on his *Montero*-cap, and went as faſt as his lame knee would let him. My uncle Toby returned into the parlour, and ſat himſelf down again upon the ſofa.

——You ſhall lay your finger upon the place—ſaid my uncle Toby.——I will not touch it, however, quoth Mrs. Wadman to herſelf.

This requires a ſecond tranſlation:——it ſhews what little knowledge is got by mere words——we muſt go up to the firſt ſprings.

Now in order to clear up the miſt which hangs upon theſe three pages, I muſt endeavour to be as clear as poſſible myſelf.

Rub your hands thrice acroſs your foreheads—blow your noſes——cleanſe your emunctories—ſneeze, my good people!—God bleſs you——

Now give me all the help you can.

CHAP. XLI.

AS there are fifty different ends (counting all ends in —as well civil as religious) for which a woman takes a huſband, ſhe firſt ſets about and carefully weighs, then ſeparates and diſtinguiſhes in her mind, which of all that number of ends is hers: then, by diſcourſe, enquiry, argumentation, and inference, ſhe inveſtigates and finds out whether ſhe has got hold of the right one —and if ſhe has——then, by pulling it gently this way and that way, ſhe farther forms a judgement, whether it will not break in the drawing.

The imagery under which Slawkenbergius impreſſes this upon his reader's fancy, in the beginning of his third Decad, is ſo ludicrous, that the honour I bear the ſex will not ſuffer me to quote it—otherwiſe 'tis not deſtitute of humour.

" She firſt, ſaith Slawkenbergius, ſtops the aſſe, and holding his halter in her left hand (leſt he ſhould get away) ſhe thruſts her right hand into the very bottom of his pannier to ſearch for it—For what?——You'll not know the ſooner, quoth Slawkenbergius, for interrupting me——

" I have nothing, good Lady, but empty bottles?" ſays the aſſe.

" I am loaded with tripes," ſays the ſecond.

——And thou art little better, quoth ſhe to the third; for nothing is there in thy panniers but trunk-hoſe and pantoufles—and ſo to the fourth and fifth, going on one by one

one through the whole ſtring, till coming to the aſſe which carries it, ſhe turns the pannier upſide down, looks at it—conſiders it—ſamples it—meaſures it—ſtretches it——wets it——dries it——then takes her teeth both to the warp and weft of it——

Of what? for the love of Chriſt!

I am determined, anſwered Slawkenbergius, that all the powers upon earth ſhall never wring that ſecret from my breaſt.

CHAP. XLII.

WE live in a world beſet on all ſides with myſteries and riddles—and ſo 'tis no matter—elſe it ſeems ſtrange, that Nature, who makes every thing ſo well to anſwer its deſtination, and ſeldom or never errs, unleſs for paſtime, in giving ſuch forms and aptitudes to whatever paſſes through her hands, that, whether ſhe deſigns for the plough, the caravan, the cart—or whatever other creature ſhe models, be it but an aſſe's foal, you are ſure to have the thing you wanted; and yet at the ſame time ſhould ſo eternally bungle it as ſhe does, in making ſo ſimple a thing as a married man.

Whether it is in the choice of the clay——or that it is frequently ſpoiled in the baking, by an exceſs of which a huſband may turn out too cruſty (you know) on one hand—or not enough ſo, through defect of heat, on the other——or whether this great Artificer is not ſo attentive to the little Platonic exigencies *of that part* of the ſpecies for whoſe uſe ſhe is fabricating *this*—or that her Ladyſhip ſometimes ſcarce knows what ſort of a huſband will do——I know not: we will diſcourſe about it after ſupper.

It is enough, that neither the obſervation itſelf, or the reaſoning upon it, are at all to the purpoſe—but rather againſt it; ſince, with regard to my uncle Toby's fitneſs for the marriage ſtate, nothing was ever better; ſhe had formed him of the beſt and kindlieſt clay——had temper'd it with her own milk, and breathed into it the ſweeteſt ſpirit—ſhe had made him all gentle, generous and humane——ſhe had fill'd his heart with truſt and confidence, and diſpoſed every paſſage which led to it for the communication of the tendereſt offices——ſhe had

moreover conſidered the other cauſes for which matrimony was ordained——

And accordingly *

The *donation* was not defeated by my uncle Toby's wound.

Now this laſt article was ſomewhat apocryphal; and the devil, who is the great diſturber of our faiths in this world, had raiſed ſcruples in Mrs. Wadman's brain about it; and, like a true devil as he was, had done his own work at the ſame time, by turning my uncle Toby's Virtue thereupon into nothing but *empty bottles*, *tripes*, *trunk-hoſe*, and *pantoſles*.

CHAP. XLIII.

MRS. Bridget had pawn'd all the little ſtock of honour a poor chambermaid was worth in the world, that ſhe would get to the bottom of the affair in ten days; and it was built upon the moſt conceſſible *poſtulatum* in nature; namely, that whilſt my uncle Toby was making love to her miſtreſs, the corporal could find nothing better to do, than make love to her—" *And I'll let him as much as he will,*" ſaid Bridget, "*to get it out of him.*"

Friendſhip has two garments——an outer and an under one. Bridget was ſerving her miſtreſs's intereſts in the one—and doing the thing which moſt pleaſed herſelf in the other; ſo had as many ſtakes depending upon my uncle Toby's wound as the Devil himſelf——Mrs. Wadman had but one——and as it poſſibly might be her laſt (without diſcouraging Mrs. Bridget, or diſcrediting her talents) was determined to play her cards herſelf.

She wanted not encouragement: a child might have look'd into his hand——there was ſuch a plainneſs and ſimplicity in his playing out what trumps he had——with ſuch an unmiſtruſting ignorance of the *ten ace*——and ſo naked and defenceleſs did he ſit upon the ſame ſofa with widow Wadman, that a generous heart would have wept to have won the game of him.

Let us drop the metaphor.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIV.

—AND the ſtory too—if you pleaſe: for though I have all along been haſtening towards this part of it, with ſo much earneſt deſire, as well knowing it to be the choiceſt morſel of what I had to offer to the world, yet now that I am got to it, any one is welcome to take my pen, and go on with the ſtory for me that will —I ſee the difficulties of the deſcriptions I'm going to give—and feel my want of powers.

It is one comfort at leaſt to me, that I loſt ſome fourſcore ounces of blood this week, in a moſt uncritical fever which attacked me at the beginning of this chapter; ſo that I have ſtill ſome hopes remaining, it may be more in the ſerous or globular parts of the blood, than in the ſubtile *aura* of the brain——Be it which it will —an Invocation can do no hurt—and I leave the affair entirely to the *invoked*, to inſpire or to inject me according as he ſees good.

THE

THE INVOCATION.

GENTLE Spirit of ſweeteſt humour, who erſt didſt ſit upon the eaſy pen of my beloved Cervantes; Thou who glided'ſt daily through his lattice, and turned'ſt the twilight of his priſon into noon-day brightneſs by thy preſence——tinged'ſt his little urn of water with heaven-ſent Nectar, and all the time he wrote of Sancho and his maſter, didſt caſt thy myſtic mantle o'er his wither'd * ſtump, and wide extended it to all the evils of his life——

——Turn in hither, I beſeech thee!—behold theſe breeches!——they are all I have in the world—that piteous rent was given them at Lyons——

My ſhirts! ſee what a deadly ſchiſm has happen'd amongſt 'em—for the laps are in Lombardy, and the reſt of 'em here——I never had but ſix, and a cunning gypſey of a laundreſs at Milan cut me off the *fore*-laps of five—To do her juſtice, ſhe did it with ſome conſideration——for I was returning *out* of Italy.

And yet, notwithſtanding all this, and a piſtol tinder-box, which was moreover filch'd from me at Sienna, and twice that I paid five Pauls for two hard eggs, once at Raddicoffini, and a ſecond time at Capua—I do not think a journey through France and Italy, provided a man keeps his temper all the way, ſo bad a thing as ſome people would make you believe: there muſt be *ups* and *downs*, or how the deuce ſhould we get into vallies where Nature ſpreads ſo many tables of entertainment ——'Tis nonſenſe to imagine they will lend you their voitures to be ſhaken to pieces for nothing; and unleſs you

* He loſt his hand at the battle of Lepanto.

you pay twelve ſous for greaſing your wheels, how ſhould the poor peaſant get butter to his bread?——We really expect too much—and for the livre or two above par for your ſuppers and bed—at the moſt they are but one ſhilling and nine pence halfpenny——who would embroil their philoſophy for it? for heaven's and for your own ſake, pay it—pay it with both hands open, rather than leave *Diſappointment* ſitting drooping upon the eye of your fair Hoſteſs and her Damſels in the gateway at your departure—and beſides, my dear Sir, you get a ſiſterly kiſs of each of 'em worth a pound——at leaſt I did.——

——For my uncle Toby's amours running all the way in my head, they had the ſame effect upon me as if they had been my own—I was in the moſt perfect ſtate of bounty and good-will; and felt the kindlieſt harmony vibrating within me, with every oſcillation of the chaiſe alike; ſo that whether the roads were rough or ſmooth, it made no difference; every thing I ſaw, or had to do with, touch'd upon ſome ſecret ſpring either of ſentiment or rapture.

—They were the ſweeteſt notes I ever heard; and I inſtantly let down the fore-glaſs to hear them more diſtinctly——'Tis Maria, ſaid the poſtillion, obſerving I was liſtening——Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one ſide to let me ſee her, for he was in a line betwixt us) is ſitting upon a bank playing her veſpers upon her pipe, with her little goat beſide her.

The young fellow utter'd this with an accent and a look ſo perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I inſtantly made a vow, I would give him a four and twenty ſous piece when I got to Moulins——.

——And who is *poor* Maria? ſaid I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, ſaid the poſtillion——It is but three years ago, that the ſun did

did not ſhine upon ſo fair, ſo quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deſerve, than to have her banns forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the pariſh who publiſhed them——

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a ſhort pauſe, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again—They were the ſame notes;—yet were ten times ſweeter. It is the evening ſervice to the Virgin, ſaid the young man——but who has taught her to play it—or how ſhe came by her pipe, no one knows: we think that Heaven has aſſiſted her in both; for ever ſince ſhe has been unſettled in her mind, it ſeems her only conſolation—ſhe has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that *ſervice* upon it almoſt night and day.

The poſtillion delivered this with ſo much diſcretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering ſomething in his face above his condition, and ſhould have ſifted out his hiſtory, had not poor Maria's taken ſuch full poſſeſſion of me.

We had got up by this time almoſt to the bank where Maria was ſitting. She was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two treſſes, drawn up into a ſilk net, with a few olive leaves twiſted a little fantaſtically on one ſide——She was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honeſt heart-ache, it was the moment I ſaw her——

——God help her! poor damſel! above a hundred maſſes, ſaid the poſtillion, have been ſaid, in the ſeveral pariſh churches and convents around, for her——but without effect. We have ſtill hopes, as ſhe is ſenſible for ſhort intervals, that the Virgin at laſt will reſtore her to herſelf; but her parents, who know her beſt, are hopeleſs upon that ſcore, and think her ſenſes are loſt for ever.

As

CHAP. LI.

NOW my uncle Toby had one evening laid down his pipe upon the table, and was counting over to himſelf upon his finger ends (beginning at his thumb) all Mrs. Wadman's perfections one by one; and happening two or three times together, either by omitting ſome, or counting others twice over, to puzzle himſelf ſadly before he could get beyond his middle finger——Prithee, Trim! ſaid he, taking up his pipe again,——bring me a pen and ink. Trim brought paper alſo.

Take a full ſheet—Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, making a ſign with his pipe at the ſame time to take a chair and ſit down cloſe by him at the table. The corporal obeyed——placed the paper directly before him——took a pen, and dipp'd it in the ink.

——She has a thouſand virtues, Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby——

Am I to ſet them down, an' pleaſe your honour? quoth the corporal.

——But they muſt be taken in their ranks, replied my uncle Toby; for of them all, Trim, that which wins me moſt, and which is a ſecurity for all the reſt, is the compaſſionate turn and ſingular humanity of her character——I proteſt, added my uncle Toby, looking up, as he proteſted it, towards the top of the ceiling—That was I her brother, Trim, a thouſand fold, ſhe could not make more conſtant or more tender enquiries after my ſufferings——though now no more.

The corporal made no reply to my uncle Toby's proteſtation, but by a ſhort cough—He dipp'd the pen a ſecond time into the inkhorn: and my uncle Toby pointing with the end of his pipe as cloſe to the top of the ſheet at the left-hand corner of it as he could get it——

the corporal wrote down the word HUMANITY - - - - thus.

Prithee, corporal, ſaid my uncle Toby, as ſoon as Trim had done it—how often does Mrs. Bridget enquire after the wound on the cap of thy knee, which thou receivedſt at the battle of Landen?

She never, an' pleaſe your honour, enquires after it at all.

That, corporal, ſaid my uncle Toby, with all the triumph the goodneſs of his nature would permit—that ſhews the difference of the character of the miſtreſs and maid——Had the fortune of war allotted the ſame miſchance to me, Mrs. Wadman would have enquired into every circumſtance relating to it a hundred times—She would have enquired, an' pleaſe your honour, ten times as often about your honour's groin—The pain, Trim, is equally excruciating,—and compaſſion has as much to do with the one as the other—

—God bleſs your honour! cried the corporal—what has a woman's compaſſion to do with a wound upon the cap of a man's knee? Had your honour's been ſhot into ten thouſand ſplinters at the affair of Landen, Mrs. Wadman would have troubled her head as little about it as Bridget; becauſe, added the corporal, lowering his voice, and ſpeaking very diſtinctly, as he aſſigned his reaſon—

" The knee is ſuch a diſtance from the main body—
" whereas the groin, your honour knows, is upon the
" very *curtin* of the *place*."

My uncle Toby gave a long whiſtle,——but in a note which could ſcarce be heard acroſs the table.

The corporal had advanced too far to retire—in three words he told the reſt—

My uncle Toby laid down his pipe as gently upon the fender, as if it had been ſpun from the unravelings of a ſpider's web—

—Let us go to my brother Shandy's, ſaid he.

CHAP.

CHAP. LII.

THERE will be juſt time, whilſt my uncle Toby and Trim are walking to my father's, to inform you, that Mrs. Wadman had, ſome moons before this, made a confidant of my mother; and that Mrs. Bridget, who had the burden of her own as well as her miſtreſs's ſecret to carry, had got happily delivered of both to Suſannah behind the garden-wall.

As for my mother, ſhe ſaw nothing at all in it, to make the leaſt buſtle about——but Suſannah was ſufficient by herſelf for all the ends and purpoſes you could poſſibly have in exporting a family ſecret; for ſhe inſtantly imparted it by ſigns to Jonathan—and Jonathan by tokens to the cook, as ſhe was baſting a loin of mutton; the cook ſold it with ſome kitchen fat to the poſtillion for a groat, who truck'd it with the dairy-maid for ſomething of about the ſame value——and though whiſper'd in the hay-loft, Fame caught the notes with her brazen trumpet, and ſounded them upon the houſe-top——In a word, not an old woman in the village, or five miles round, who did not underſtand the difficulties of my uncle Toby's ſiege, and what were the ſecret articles which had delay'd the ſurrender.——

My father, whoſe way was to force every event in nature into an hypotheſis, by which means never man crucified Truth at the rate he did—had but juſt heard of the report as my uncle Toby ſet out; and catching fire ſuddenly at the treſpaſs done his brother by it, was demonſtrating to Yorick, notwithſtanding my mother was ſitting by——not only, "That the devil was in women, and that the whole of the affair was luſt;" but that every evil and diſorder in the world, of what kind or nature ſoever, from the firſt fall of Adam, down

to my uncle Toby's (incluſive,) was owing, one way or other, to the ſame unruly appetite.

Yorick was juſt bringing my father's hypotheſis to ſome temper, when my uncle Toby entering the room with marks of infinite benevolence and forgiveneſs in his looks, my father's eloquence re-kindled againſt the paſſion——and as he was not very nice in the choice of his words when he was wroth——as ſoon as my uncle Toby was ſeated by the fire, and had filled his pipe, my father broke out in this manner.

CHAP. LIII.

——THAT proviſion ſhould be made for continuing the race of ſo great, ſo exalted, and godlike a Being as man—I am far from denying—but philoſophy ſpeaks freely of every thing; and therefore I ſtill think, and do maintain it to be a pity, that it ſhould be done by means of a paſſion which bends down the faculties, and turns all the wiſdom, contemplations, and operations of the ſoul backwards——a paſſion, my dear, continued my father, addreſſing himſelf to my mother, which couples and equals wiſe men with fools, and makes us come out of our caverns and hiding-places more like ſatyrs and four-footed beaſts than men.

I know it will be ſaid, continued my father (availing himſelf of the Prolepſis) that in itſelf, and ſimply taken——like hunger, or thirſt, or ſleep——'tis an affair neither good or bad——or ſhameful or otherwiſe.——Why then did the delicacy of Diogenes and Plato ſo recalcitrate againſt it? and wherefore, when we go about to make and plant a man, do we put out the candle? and for what reaſon is it, that all the parts thereof——the congredients——the preparations——the inſtruments, and whatever ſerves thereto, are ſo held

as to be conveyed to a cleanly mind by no language, tranflation, or periphrafis whatever?

——The act of killing and deftroying a man, continued my father, raifing his voice—and turning to my uncle Toby——you fee, is glorious——and the weapons by which we do it are honourable——We march with them upon our fhoulders——We ftrut with them by our fides——We gild them—We carve them——We inlay them—We enrich them—Nay, if it be but a *fcoundrel* cannon, we caft an ornament upon the breech of it.——

—My uncle Toby laid down his pipe to intercede for a better epithet—and Yorick was rifing up to batter the whole hypothefis to pieces——

—When Obadiah broke into the middle of the room with a complaint, which cried out for an immediate hearing.

The cafe was this:

My father, whether by ancient cuftom of the manor, or as impropriector of the great tythes, was obliged to keep a Bull for the fervice of the Parifh, and Obadiah had led his cow upon a *pop-vifit* to him one day or other the preceding fummer—I fay, one day or other—becaufe, as chance would have it, it was the day on which he was married to my father's houfe-maid—fo one was a reckoning to the other. Therefore, when Obadiah's wife was brought to bed—Obadiah thanked God——

—Now, faid Obadiah, I fhall have a calf: fo Obadiah went daily to vifit his cow.

She'll calve on Monday—on Tuefday—or Wednefday at the fartheft——

The cow did not calve—No—fhe'll not calve till next week—The cow put it off terribly——till, at the end of the fixth week, Obadiah's fufpicions (like a good man's) fell upon the Bull.

Now the parifh being very large, my father's Bull, to fpeak the truth of him, was no way equal to the department:

partment. He had, however, got himſelf, ſomehow or other, thruſt into employment—and as he went through the buſineſs with a grave face, my father had a high opinion of him.

—Moſt of the townſmen, an' pleaſe your worſhip, quoth Obadiah, believe that 'tis all the Bull's fault——

—But may not a cow be barren? replied my father, turning to Doctor Slop.

It never happens, ſaid Doctor Slop; but the man's wife may have come before her time naturally enough—Prithee has the child hair upon his head?—added Doctor Slop——

—It is as hairy as I am, ſaid Obadiah.—Obadiah had not been ſhaved for three weeks- - -Wheu- - u - - - u - - - - - - - -cried my father; beginning the ſentence with an exclamatory whiſtle—and ſo, brother Toby, this poor Bull of mine, who is as good a Bull as ever p--ſs'd, and might have done for Europa herſelf in purer times——had he but two legs leſs, might have been driven into Doctors Commons, and loſt his character—which to a Town Bull, brother Toby, is the very ſame thing as his life——

L—d! ſaid my mother, what is all this ſtory about?——

A COCK and a BULL, ſaid Yorick—And one of the beſt of its kind I ever heard.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.